

A NEW HISTORY OF SPIRITUALISM

THE two stout volumes which have just been published by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle are pretty sure, despite their extravagant price, to find a wide circle of readers.¹ Their appeal is to the public at large rather than to the psychic investigator or to the historical student. They are easy to read, not overweighted with detail, sparing of references or footnotes; while the calm, untroubled statement of facts—that is to say of the author's view of the facts—is only at rare intervals interrupted by argumentative discussion. I am far from suggesting that Sir Arthur from his own particular standpoint has chosen unwisely in giving this form to the most important spiritualistic manifesto which he has yet published. It will probably "carry further" in this shape than if he had written a more pretentious controversial treatise. Even in the selection of the illustrations the same influences seem to have prevailed. Along with some excellent portraits we have also purely imaginary representations of scenes occurring in the story. Thus a picture of how "Little Katie Fox gets an Answer to her Signals—the first opening of communication at Hydesville" serves as a frontispiece to Vol. I. This is about as evidential as the illustrations to "Robinson Crusoe" which delighted us in our boyhood; but nevertheless such things produce their effect when they appear in what purports to be a serious history.

In the publisher's advertisement which is printed on the dust-cover of these volumes we are told that the author writes as "one having authority." This certainly is so far true that he does not hesitate to express strong opinions upon the great variety of topics which come under notice. Religious systems and their professors are judged purely in accordance with their readiness to accept the basic facts of Spiritualism, which are, according to the author, "the continuity of personality and the power of communication after death." No class, he assures us, "has shown itself so sceptical and incredulous of modern Spiritual manifestations as those very

¹ "The History of Spiritualism," by Arthur Conan Doyle, M.D., LL.D. 2 Vols. Cassell and Co. Price, 42s. The charge seems altogether excessive. The text which has been spaced out to fill two volumes can hardly amount to more than 200,000 words, and might easily have been printed in one.

clergy who profess complete belief in similar occurrences in bygone ages, and their utter refusal to accept them now is a measure of the sincerity of their professions." And again, "it is curious to compare the crass ignorance of our present spiritual chiefs with the wisdom of the ancients." Similarly he has no hesitation in speaking in the following terms of the Society for Psychical Research:

How this society can have such evidence in its own "Proceedings," and yet, so far as the majority of its Council is concerned, remain unconverted to the spiritual view, is indeed a mystery. It can only be explained by the fact that there is a certain self-centred and limited—though possibly acute—type of mind which receives no impression at all from that which happens to another, and yet is so constituted that it is the very last sort of mind likely to get evidence for itself on account of its effect upon the material on which such evidence depends. In this lies the reason for that which would otherwise be inexplicable.¹

He says also that "the central machinery of the Society has come into the hands of a circle of men whose one care seems to be not to prove the truth, but to disprove what seems preternatural,"² and he stigmatizes, in referring to a former editor of the Society's "Journal," "that assurance which ignorance so often assumes."³ Let me hasten to add that in so far as the author proves himself the resolute opponent of materialism, not scrupling to denounce "those more fossilized men of science who may be said to have had their minds subdued to that at which they worked," and affirming that "Christ's ethical teaching in one form or another, even if not coupled with His name, is an essential thing for the upliftment of mankind," his witness is not without its value. Sir Arthur's sincerity is beyond dispute and he has made many sacrifices for the cause which he advocates, but when he bids his readers look to the ouija board or the séance-room for guidance in the moral renovation of the world, when he places Christ our Lord upon the same level with "his fellow saint, Buddha,"⁴ when he assures us that "the balance of evidence shows that reincarnation is a fact, though not

¹ "History of Spiritualism," II., 74

² *Ibid.* II., p. 86.

³ *Ibid.* II., p. 9.

⁴ *Ibid.* II., p. 249.

necessarily a universal one,"¹ he is declaring open war against the Christian teaching of every age from the time of the Apostles to our own.

It would be impossible in a short article like the present to give an adequate summary of the contents of these two volumes, much less to discuss in detail the many problems which they raise. Sir Arthur travels over all the old familiar ground, beginning with Swedenborg and Andrew Jackson Davis, but of course devoting special attention to the manifestations at Hydesville with which, as is universally admitted, the modern Spiritualist movement began. His two chapters on the Fox sisters, Maggie and Kate, the founders of the cult, occupy more than sixty pages and are very important. Seeing, however, that this subject was fully dealt with in *THE MONTH* only a few years since,² there can be no need to narrate a second time the sad story of these two mediums who both died victims to habits of intemperance after publicly denouncing Spiritualism as a fraud and then a few months later retracting the avowal thus made. Sir Arthur does not dispute the facts, neither does he deny that Dr. Elisha Kane when engaged to Maggie Fox continually reproached her with leading a life of deceit and begged her to give up her sésances. Even more important is the admission made in the work before us that at the time when the same lady was bent on demonstrating that Spiritualism was nothing but trickery she produced a storm of raps at will, not only in the public hall where they were audible to a large assembly and seemed to come from the walls and roof of the building, but also privately when she was interviewed by a reporter of the "New York Herald." Sir Arthur is probably right when he remarks:

She really knew no more of the nature of these forces than those around her did. The editor [*i.e.*, of "The Love-Life of Dr. Kane"] says: "She had always averred that she never fully believed the rappings to be the work of spirits, but imagined mere occult laws of nature were concerned." This was her attitude later in life, for on her professional card she printed that people must judge the nature of the powers for themselves.³

¹ *Ibid.* II., p. 176.

² See "The Founders of Modern Spiritualism" in *THE MONTH*, Feb., 1920.

³ "History of Spiritualism," I., p. 92.

And again:

When a man like Dr. Kane assured Margaret that it was very wrong, he was only saying what was dinned into his ears from every quarter, including half the pulpits of New York. Probably she had an uneasy feeling that it *was* wrong, without in the least knowing why, and this may account for the fact that she does not seem to remonstrate with him for his suspicions.¹

Our author's theory is that Maggie's raps were caused by the protrusion from some part of her person of a long rod of ectoplasm, a substance invisible to the eye under normal conditions, but which is capable of conducting energy in such a fashion as to make sounds and strike blows at a distance. He appeals to Dr. Crawford's experiments with the Goligher circle, in which good evidence was obtained of the existence of some such mysterious substance. Further, he considers that "it is entirely possible that Margaret had some control over the expulsion of ectoplasm which caused the sound." In the Goligher sésances, however, we were given to understand that it was the "operators," spirits who required to be treated with every courtesy, who were the executants of all the phenomena. The medium was an absolutely passive instrument. But Margaret Fox-Kane was evidently sure of her own powers. When she wanted to rap, the raps came, even though she used the gift to demonstrate that the phenomena were all fraudulent. Those who adhere to the belief that it is the spirits who produce the raps are forced to admit that the spirits in this case bore testimony to their own non-existence, and also that Margaret had an assured conviction that they would not fail her. On the other hand if we suppose that she was able at will to extrude ectoplasmic rods as far as the roof of the hall and thus produce the raps unaided, the whole spiritualistic element disappears. She may have had this power from childhood, and it may be some precisely similar power which is responsible for the poltergeist phenomena, which are almost invariably associated with a child or young person under twenty.

By far the greater portion of the book before us is devoted to the physical phenomena of Spiritualism. Sir Arthur is apparently in thorough agreement with the advice which pur-

¹ *Ibid.* I., p. 90.

ports to have come through from his dead son in these terms at a sitting with Mrs. Leonard:

The Church teaches but does not demonstrate its own teaching. The blackboard is useful at times, you know. That is what you need. You should teach and then demonstrate upon the blackboard. Thus physical phenomena are really most important. There will be some in this upheaval. It is difficult for us to manifest physically now because the greater bulk of collective thought is against and not for us. But when the upheaval comes, people will be shaken out of their pig-headed, ignorant, antagonistic attitude towards us, which will immediately open the way to a fuller demonstration than we have hitherto been able to give.

To discuss in detail the many cases of famous mediums whose physical phenomena, though gravely suspect in the eyes of the critical, are ardently championed in the book before us, would be impossible here. But as an illustration of what appears to me the very marked tendency to ignore difficulties which are not absolutely forced upon our author's notice, I propose to say a few words upon the case of the Eddy brothers and their manifestations at Chittenden (Vermont, U.S.A.), in 1874-1875. The occasion is of interest because it was here that Madame Blavatsky met Col. Olcott for the first time and almost immediately established a domination over him which she retained until her death. She was then an ardent Spiritualist, and Olcott was spending several weeks there as the representative of the "New York Daily Graphic." It suited the Colonel's purpose very well to make the most of the Russian "Countess"—so he then called her, without the slightest justification—and to send to his paper the most sensational accounts of her conversations in Russian and Georgian with her materialized grandfather and with miscellaneous Cossacks. Sir Arthur, who will not allow a breath of doubt to rest upon the reality of these manifestations, writes as follows:

Under these circumstances Olcott related in his newspaper articles, and afterwards in his remarkable book, "People from the Other World," that he saw in the course of ten weeks no fewer than four hundred apparitions appear out of this cabinet, of all sorts, sizes, sexes and races,

clad in the most marvellous garments, babies in arms, Indian warriors, gentlemen in evening dress, a Kurd with a nine-foot lance, squaws who smoked tobacco, ladies in fine costumes. Such was Olcott's evidence, and there was not a statement he made for which he was not prepared to produce the evidence of a roomful of people. [That is to say, he *said* he was prepared to produce such evidence.] His story was received with incredulity then, and will excite little less incredulity now. . . . As to the reality of the fact it is impossible to read Olcott's very detailed description without being convinced that there was no error in that.¹

On the other hand it is certain that the amount of light permitted at the Eddy séances was utterly inadequate to allow of proper recognition of the materialized figure or even of the nature of their costumes. Mr. C. C. Massey, at this date an ardent devotee of Spiritualism, who went over from England to America expressly to inquire into the marvels reported from Chittenden, was by no means convinced by what he saw there.² Another Englishman, Mr. Algernon Joy, also a devoted Spiritualist, and Honorary Secretary of the National Association of Spiritualists, was still more seriously dissatisfied. He said in an address delivered in London after his return from America,

Whilst at Chittenden I saw no manifestations under test conditions. I firmly believe that every spirit that came out upon the platform was William Eddy himself; those that only showed in the doorway, the same on his hands and knees, and the small children that appeared were made-up dolls; still I must admit that much of this is merely hypothesis. The whole family are most unbounded liars; I never met such a lying family. The brothers are also in every way great blackguards.³

Mr. Joy must have visited Chittenden some time after Col.

¹ "History," I., pp. 265 and 271. As to one point, *i.e.*, the decoration supposed to have been taken from the grave of Madame Blavatsky's father, it is certain that the story was a pure fabrication. See Soloviev's "Modern Priestess of Isis," pp. 234, 244-5, 267. Somebody was lying, and it is not a matter of much consequence whether it was Olcott or Mme Blavatsky.

² See Sir W. Barrett, "Thoughts of a modern Mystic" (1909), p. 27; and "The Spiritualist," Dec. 17, 1875, p. 296.

³ "The Spiritualist" for Dec. 10, 1875, p. 280.

Olcott had left the neighbourhood. Two other visitors whose testimony we have were friends of D. D. Home, the famous medium. Their sprightly letters to him prove that they were intelligent observers who were present at several séances at the very time that Olcott was engaged in investigating the phenomena. One of them, whose nationality is betrayed by her Americanisms, remarks that "the light, back of us all, was turned so low that it was impossible to distinguish features two feet from us," and she adds regarding one prominent feature in the performance: "What I specially noticed was that the shawls and scarfs materialized by Honto, a light one and a dark one, were always of exactly the same length, the light one about three yards long, and the dark one about two yards." Her companion writes more at length:

The only persons allowed to take a seat upon the platform were a Mr. Pritchard and a Mrs. Cleveland; dear old gullible souls who could be readily psychologized into believing that they were eating a piece of the moon in the shape of green cheese. These both touched and conversed with the *substantial* shadows which stepped cautiously from the door of the cabinet, as if making sure that some investigator were not ready to spring upon them, and occasionally went through the shuffling manœuvres characterized by our author (Olcott) as "dancing"(!), while no one of the audience circle was permitted to advance near enough to distinguish their features in the distressingly subdued light of the solitary lamp, acting its part in the fraud upon a distant table.

Every evening Mr. P. had a visit from his aged mother—attired in a *robe de nuit*—*she*, understand, was thus attired, not *he*. Every evening Mr. P. saluted her with a "Good evening, mother!" and she replied in a husky whisper, "Good evening, my son!" Every evening *she* added, "I am glad to see you, my son!" and then asked "Why didn't Mary come?" Every evening *she* was blandly assured that Mary was not in health and could not be there; but still the question was renewed, and then the aged spirit shuffled back and disappeared through the door of the cabinet. I asked this gentleman whether he recognized his mother beyond all peradventure in this spirit. He admitted that he did not see much likeness as he *remembered* her; but he had not seen her for two

or three years before her death and "no doubt she had altered."¹

Now when Mr. Joy was at Chittenden some months later he also saw the couple, Mr. Pritchard and Mrs. Cleveland, just mentioned; but by this time Mrs. Cleveland was far from pledging her word to the reality of the manifestations, for he says:

Mrs. Cleveland, who appears to be a very sensible woman, and who once firmly believed in the mediumship of the Eddy brothers, now states that she had been deceived. She says that by degrees she distinctly detected fraud in almost every case. Mr. Pritchard and his (? half) sister, Mrs. Packer, said that they recognized the mother of the latter, but she (Mrs. Cleveland) had a good look at this spirit, and she was perfectly certain that the face she saw was William Eddy's. He had his hair brushed back and a frill cap on.²

There cannot be the slightest reason for discrediting this testimony. Mr. Algernon Joy was one of the most prominent of English Spiritualists. He was not a medium himself and had no cause for jealousy, such as might conceivably have animated D. D. Home in his fierce denunciation of the Eddys and of Col. Olcott. Sir Arthur considers Home to have been not only the greatest of mediums but a man of extraordinary truthfulness and in fact a sort of prophet. None the less there can be no question that Home and many others of the same period believed that Spiritualism was riddled with fraud and every kind of trickery. In June, 1876, Dr. Sexton, the Editor of the *Spiritual Magazine*, and himself a convert to Spiritualism, wrote to Home:

If something be not done, and speedily, to put an end to the outrageous trickery that passes current under the guise of Spiritualism, the whole thing will be ruined. The worst part of it is that mediums who have been caught cheating are still tolerated in the movement, and are defended by men whose sole business ought to be to drive them out of our ranks.³

Similarly, Mr. Samuel Carter Hall, one of the kindest of

¹ Home, "Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism," p. 264.

² "The Spiritualist," Dec. 16, 1875, p. 280.

³ "Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism," p. 181.

men, writing to Home the same year to say that "Spiritualism is now in a sad state of disorder and is producing frightfully evil work," expressed a hope that by Home's forthcoming book "it will be released and relieved from the burden of filth that weighs it down."¹ Home, himself, for whose "unflinching honesty," "nobility of character," charity and "blamelessness of life" Sir Arthur expresses the profoundest admiration, was not only utterly sceptical concerning the Eddy manifestations and contemptuous of Olcott's venality in writing them up, but he esteemed it a duty to proclaim to the world that Spiritualism as he knew it in the years 1874 to 1878 was made a byword of reproach from its toleration of tricksters. In a letter to Dr. Sexton, the editor of "The Spiritual Magazine," in 1875, Home says:

I could give you details concerning the dark séances of the present day which would thrill you with horror. I have my information from persons who were present and detecting the imposture were honest enough to expose it and of course were roundly abused. These dark séances . . . are the hot-beds of imposture.²

And the writer goes on to explain with indignation that people at such séances, even when they have detected the fraud, allow it to continue because it amuses them "to hear Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So having their faces touched and caressed by a hand perfectly incarnate, but they, thinking it was a spirit, saying 'Oh! dear, dear spirit, do touch me again'." So again a little later we find in "Spiritual Notes," the organ of the British National Association of Spiritualists, a communication in the following terms:

Well, the present state of *public* Spiritualism in England, is to my mind really *disgusting*. On the one hand we have numerous tricking mediums assisted by tricking spirits. Exposure after exposure occurs; sometimes the whole paraphernalia of spirit-show, drapery, beards and lamps, in the shape of phosphoric oil bottles, have been taken from the medium. A few weeks ago a well-known public medium was caught by his best friends. That

¹ "Lights and Shadows," p. 181. A lengthy notice of Samuel Carter Hall, who was a well known literary man, a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and the editor for many years of "The Art Journal," will be found in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

² "The Spiritual Magazine," Jan. 1876, p. 26.

medium confessed his guilt, apologized, etc., and not one of the organs of our movement, except yours, spoke a word about it! Is this love of truth? . . . No impartial Spiritualist will deny the truth of the facts I have pointed out.¹

Upon all this aspect of the history of Spiritualism the book before us says little or nothing. The author does indeed admit the possibility of the existence of some fraudulent mediums, and he allows that occasionally, "at long intervals," genuine exposures have taken place, but his general attitude is to justify the accused and to stigmatize the stupidity or the prejudices of those who have condemned them. It seems to me that Sir Arthur is not quite sufficiently alive to the inconsistency of such championship with the profound respect he professes for Home, Stainton Moses, Archdeacon Colley, and other eminent representatives of the cult. If Home in his book dealt mainly with the "Shadows" to the exclusion of the "Lights," one could, on the other hand, hardly imagine from the pages before us that there were any Shadows in Spiritualism at all.² The same impression of inconsistency results from the chapter which is devoted to "Allan Kardec" and his doctrine of reincarnation. Hippolyte L. D. Rivail, who adopted the pseudonym of "Allan Kardec," is the recognized founder of French Spiritism, we might almost say of all Continental Spiritualism. In the early fifties he became interested in the subject, and using the mediumship of a certain Celina Japhet he brought out in 1856 his famous "Livre des Esprits." If we may trust Aksakof, Rivail was at the time a journalist working on the staff of Louis Veuillot's newspaper "L'Univers,"³ and he accordingly published the book under the name of "Allan Kardec," for the revelation of the true authorship would have entailed his dismissal from that very orthodox journal. This would not give us a very favourable impression of M. Rivail's straight-

¹ "Spiritual Notes," Nov. 1880, p. 87.

² Unless I am greatly mistaken, nothing is said in this "History" of the "Free Love" difficulty which loomed so large in American Spiritualism in the seventies. Mr. Joy, quoted above, stated on his return from the United States that nearly half the Spiritualists in San Francisco, which was one of the strongholds of the cult, held Free Love doctrines and what is more acted upon them. He also declared that throughout the United States one third of the acknowledged Spiritualists were free lovers, though the remainder strongly repudiated these views. See "The Spiritualist," Dec. 10, 1875, p. 279. Contemporary American journals bear this out.

³ "The Spiritualist," Aug. 13, 1875, p. 75.

forwardness, seeing that the book repudiated formally many of the fundamental dogmas of Catholic teaching, and, on the basis of messages which purported to come through automatic writing from some of the most venerable names of Christian antiquity, proclaimed the truth of reincarnation as a universal law. And what Rivail was to the Spiritualistic movement on the Continent, that Stainton Moses was to the more religious Spiritualists of our own country. Now one of Stainton Moses' controls, "Kabbila," on Nov. 16, 1874, pronounced definitely against reincarnation on the ground that he had left the earth 4,000 years ago, had not been reincarnated yet and did not expect to be.¹ Moreover "Imperator," who figures as the highest in the band of controls, distinctly rejects the view that there was a general liability to a series of reincarnations on this earth, though he admits some rare exceptions, *e.g.*, in the case of high spirits sent with a special mission, or a few of the more debased who have failed to profit by their earth life.² The point, however, which I specially desire to emphasize is the fact that Home, this "greatest of modern missionaries," blameless and unselfish in his life, and a veritable "pioneer of the slow and arduous advance of Humanity into the jungle of ignorance"—it is in such terms and others not less complimentary that Sir Arthur characterizes him—not only rejected the reincarnational Spiritism of Allan Kardec, but claimed himself to have had an extraordinary manifestation after Allan's death which put the matter beyond doubt. Home contends that the communications published in the "*Livre des Esprits*" were worthless, because they only reflected Kardec's conscious or subconscious thought.

This [he writes] is most strikingly illustrated in the case of Allan Kardec. Under the influence of his energetic will his clairvoyants were so many writing machines that gave his ideas as he desired to have them. If at times the doctrines promulgated were not exactly in accordance with his wishes, he corrected them to meet those wishes. It is, or ought to be, well known that Allan Kardec *was*

¹ W. Trethewy, "The Controls of Stainton Moses," p. 68. It is interesting to notice that, when Moses had witnessed the materialization of John King, the famous buccaneer and supposed father of Katie King, Kabbila declared it was all a fraud, though "Imperator," who claimed to be identical with the prophet Malachias, to some extent disagreed.

² Trethewy, *l.c.*, pp. 188-189.

not himself a medium. He simply magnetized or psychologized minds frailer and more sensitive than his own. I can testify to the fact that before I knew, or could by any possibility have known, of his passing from earth, I received in the presence of the Earl of Dunraven, then Viscount Adare, a message, saying "I regret to have taught the *spirite* doctrine."¹ Allan Kardec." By comparison of the minute of this occurrence with the minute of his passing away, the interval between the two was found so short as utterly to preclude the idea that even a telegram could have reached me regarding his departure from earth. As moreover his decease was preceded by no illness, the possibility of that decease had never for a moment been present to my mind. I could not on receiving it at first credit the above message. It was *not*, I may remark, received during a séance, but suddenly interrupted a conversation between Lord Adare and myself.²

Does Sir Arthur accept this as a genuine manifestation? And if not, why not? Surely he cannot consistently suggest that Home was lying; the more so that he appeals to a witness who in June, 1926, was still living. Why, then, should this quite definite communication made under such extraordinary circumstances be rejected, but Mr. Vale Owen's platitudinous vapourings about the life to come be accepted as veridical? There can be no question that Home, like a number of leading Anglo-Saxon Spiritualists, resolutely set his face against the idea of reincarnation. None the less, as we have seen, Sir Arthur holds that the balance of evidence shows that reincarnation is a fact. In the face of contradictions of this nature one is utterly at a loss to understand how any sort of certainty can be claimed for the communications which purport to be made from the *au delà*. Even if we take the "inspired writings"³ of the Rev. W. Stainton Moses alone, studying carefully such commentary as is furnished by Mr. Trethewy's volume on the Moses controls, we shall find, associated with a few vague platitudes common to all religious systems, nothing but an endless series of doubts, uncertainties and contradictions. Nobody could insist more

¹ "Je regrette d'avoir enseigné la doctrine spirite." Those who are familiar with contemporary Spiritualist literature will know that this practically meant the form of Spiritualistic teaching which made reincarnation its central feature.

² Home, "Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism," 1877, p. 224.

³ "History of Spiritualism," II., 47.

strongly than Stainton Moses does upon the efforts made by certain classes of spirits to personate and deceive. Even the highest among his controls seems to be in doubt for weeks together whether certain messages which he is receiving come from an honest or a lying source. And when we turn to the reams and reams of automatic script which have been published ever since 1852 and especially of late years, purporting to be communications of the most vital moment from the spirits of those who have passed over, we can hardly find two which agree upon anything but the vaguest generalities. Nothing would be easier than to illustrate these contradictions by definite examples, but adequate space is lacking. Let a citation of some length from Professor Hyslop, whom Sir Arthur highly commends, and who after wide experience came to believe both in survival and in communication from the disincarnate, suffice to determine the point.

But there is [he writes] one more important difficulty with which we have to deal: the contradictions in the messages descriptive of the future life. Though they speak of it as though it were the same physical world as that known to the senses, hardly any two writers or communicators represent it in the same way. One may tell us that spirits wear clothes, and another may modify this statement by saying that clothes are "creations of thought." One represents the dead as living in houses, and another denies that they do so, while still others mediate between these two extremes by making the houses products of thought or purely imaginary. Some tell us that we could not understand any statement about the spiritual world. All these contradictions imply either differences of opinion about the other life, or the distortion of messages by the sub-consciousness of the medium, or perhaps both combined. In any case the statements are so different and apparently so contradictory that we cannot unreservedly trust any communication as correctly describing the nature of that life.

It may be repeated that Professor Hyslop favoured belief in the possibility of communication, none the less he wrote:

The contradictions are so numerous that it is hopeless to accept a superficial interpretation of the phenomena. One set of communicators — it makes no difference

whether they are real or merely sub-conscious personalities—tells us that life in the spiritual world duplicates the physical life exactly, including food, dress, trade, art, "cigar manufactories," "whiskeys and sodas," and the whole gamut of objects and employments that we indulge in. Another set totally denies this, and tells us that we cannot conceive what the world is like. Some tell us that reincarnation is true; others deny it. Some teach orthodox religious views, others the opposite. Some believe in God; and some do not. There is no sort of unity in such claims, except on the theory that the other life as Swedenborg maintained is one of mental states. Everyone is free to think as he desires, and if he can create his own world, as is constantly asserted in communications, that world will take as many forms as there are variant minds to create it, just as the subjective existences of living people differ.¹

How is it possible to entrust the most momentous issues of life to guidance so fluctuating and uncertain? And yet Sir Arthur, in his enthusiasm, after perusing "many volumes of alleged posthumous experiences and also a great number of scripts obtained privately in families and reserved from the public, has been struck by their general agreement."² To the present writer, who also may claim a pretty wide acquaintance with such scripts, at any rate with the published texts from Ballou downwards, no utterance could more conclusively prove that the author of this "History of Spiritualism" has allowed his keenness for the cause and the special domestic interests which come home to him personally, to do violence to his sober judgment not only in this instance but in his whole attitude to the subject.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ Hyslop, "Contact with the Other World," 359, 364.

² "History," II., p. 279.

ALOYSIUS AND STANISLAUS : OUR CONTEMPORARIES

III

[“ The bicentenary of the canonization of St. Aloysius Gonzaga must light up in all, but in you especially, my dear young men, the desire to imitate this young man. He was an amazing triumph both of nature and of grace. To the swift achievement of a perfect holiness he consecrated his alert intelligence, his vigorous character, strength of will, energy of action, and high-hearted sacrifice of self.”—Pius XI. : Message to All Young Men throughout the World, April 5th.]

EXPERIENCE shows that though the times change, we do not change in them. The elements that constitute and concern human nature are very few. Therefore, to offer as friends and an inspiration to modern young men young men who died 3½ centuries ago is no rash act. (Moreover, boys at least are, we may hope, incurably romantic, and they love the Elizabethan ruffle and swagger.) Again, if you dig down beneath national peculiarities, I really think you find very much the same materials—sheer earth, and ore (half trash and half good metal), and pure gold. Therefore again we need not feel nervous if we be ordered to exhibit to English lads and their love and veneration an Italian and a Pole, a Gonzaga and a Kostka. I know that the English, being very shy, encase themselves in arrogance, and at times appear doubtful whether anyone save themselves so much as exists ; but even they—perhaps especially they—know that the real difference between men lies in the mind. A gentleman, they perfectly well know, is everywhere a gentleman and everywhere the same, and the most profound cleavage between European minds is due to the religious revolution of the 16th century, so that a modern English Catholic can be, should be, and, I honestly think, is, as at home with Leo I. as with Leo XIII., and much more at home with remote celestial St. Francis than with our earthier contemporaries.

Still, we should like to think that Stanislaus and Aloysius had something in their make-up which renders them more than just in general akin to our times. I would ask, have they a special right to claim our sympathy and the right and the power to serve us ? As each five years have passed, I have grown more rootedly convinced that they have. And that conviction is alchemised by faith. For, after all, the solemn

declaration of 1729 that Aloysius was patron of all young students, and the Pontifical affirmations of his tercentenary in 1891, are not things that lose their force with the years; and the constantly reiterated exhortation of the reigning Pontiff culminating in his message to all young men (for such, indeed, it was) on April 5th of this year, sets the seal on our belief.

Perhaps a noticeable feature of our time is its negativeness. Personally, we hold that Europe is under a régime of panic; but we need not pursue that thought. What we mean is that principles of life have so been weakened as to disappear. For very many, the shattering of all vital frameworks by the War was a revelation that for long they had had no principles, but conventions at best. At present, so far as people are not still just as greedy as ever, they seem to be unaware, not only of what they ought to want for their well-being, but of what they do want. A confused agitation is much more noticeable than any steady strong movement towards a goal. A gulf, some may say, is what we are nearing steadily, if not strongly; but a goal, clearly seen and vigorously chosen, no. "*Liquefacta est terra et omnes qui habitant in ea*"; hence the surprised and sincere even when unwilling admiration when anyone, as in Italy, appears to be engaged in "establishing the columns thereof," even if not all equally approve the material, position, and aspect of the columns. There they are, anyway, and provide something solid. Here is a Mind, and here is a Will, and would that there were more, men feel, of both.

It would take too long to show why we hold that subjectivism, ever since the Reformation, has been engaged in weakening the idea of God, and that of soul, and hence that of sin, and hence the whole power of the human creature to control itself or even to construct a perspective in life such as should include its eternal and transcendent issues. But we hold that that has happened. Men have been encouraged to grow vague about God; vague about their future; not only vague about their duty, but less and less able to fulfil such aims as they intermittently admit. We have always held that it is the relative aimlessness of modern life that has expressed itself in the passion for sport. Sport is good, but when everything begins to be subordinated to it, we see in that a symptom of human nature's being unable to get on without a goal of any sort, and constructing accordingly an artificial one for itself which can rivet its will at least for an hour at the expense of being

bored between whiles. But they say that sport itself is in a bad way, and it is, if, indeed, it be becoming more and more spectacular for the many and remunerative for the few, and the occasion for bets rather than for effort. Even the War, I think, provided, for many, a goal during a year or two of effort, splendid *as* effort while it had occasion to endure, but sopping away in the formless sands on which we are again expected to make our foothold.

The exact opposite of all this is supremely represented to us by the two young men whose memory the Pope wishes us to retain, and whose comradeship he bids us use.

During the night that St. Ignatius spent in his unbelieved-in dying, he was heard to repeat, again and again, just the one word—*God*. Not only, we may reverently say, was that enough for him, but it was this Infinite that alone had given greatness to anything upon earth. And in his two sons, Aloysius and Stanislaus, you can see at once that their perspective in life depended always on their recognition of God. We mean much by this. Whatever rejection of earth's prizes they were to make was a "high-hearted rejection," as the Pope has said. There is a deal of ignoble contempt of such things noticeable among our cynics; there is absolutely nothing of that in any of these Saints. They had struck a proportion—not, indeed, between God and His creatures, for there is none, but between the things that could be done for or because of God, and those that could not, or that they could not so do. In England, where there are, you may say, no atheists, the idea of God is yet so diluted that it is hard to say that it ever acts, in the majority, as a controlling factor. Stanislaus was always much "younger" than Aloysius; God shone in his life like the sun in dancing water. Aloysius turned the full energy of his hard intelligence upon Him; it is not for nothing that he chose to try to prove, academically, in a philosophical tourney, that the Trinity could be known by the intelligence unaided. We read that the "Attributes" of God made the favourite theme of his meditation, and it was they that so captured his soul as more than anything else to send him into ecstasy. But in these realist young men, such an idea forthwith applied itself to every part of life; to them our religious moderns, of whom we often hear that they are far more "interested" in religion than in God, would have seemed horrible. Moreover, it seemed to Aloysius so utterly out of keeping that when he meant to think of God he should think

of something else, that he put his brain, even physically, at the terrific task of meditating without distraction, and did, indeed, obtain such control over his mind that he could think of exactly what he pleased and so long as he chose. His struggle, rather, was to take his mind off divine things, but we think that this was a supernatural rather than an exclusively psychological effect. It certainly needs no great observation for us to decide that the whole power of concentration is being weakened in our generation, partly, as I said, because people are less and less sure what to concentrate on, and because methods adopted by the Press, by advertisement, by the cinema, actively encourage this tendency by catering for it. Teachers also tell us that our children are no less clever and even no less "good" than they were, but cannot concentrate, cannot control their imagination—their "thoughts are all over the place." If this be true, and becomes truer, a genuine deterioration of the race at large is to be foreseen. If we applied, modestly enough, to these Saints for help to manage our minds somewhat as they did, to be able to see what we look at, and see it steadily and in perspective, we should already have gained a great human gift, supremely usable for divine purposes, and terribly and increasingly needed by us.¹

Both St. Stanislaus and St. Aloysius have always been set forward as patrons of the chastity of youth. Stanislaus is so little known, or, again, so well known by those who know him at all, that his image herein has been but little disfigured. His radiant love went straight to Mary, and you see no sign, at least, that he endured a struggle or had to fight for his purity. Aloysius has been gravely disfigured, inasmuch as an idea of him as timid, almost skulking, has come to predominate, and the wrong incidents get quoted and, above all, misinterpreted. I confess that the Church seems to sanction our belief that he, too, was untortured by instincts that are, indeed, not sin, but resist control, are out of harmony with reason, because of the withdrawal of those preternatural favours that was consequent on sin. But this was not because he was weak, but because he was strong. Not because he had nothing to control, but

¹ I might just note that where the idea of God has grown dim it is perfectly impossible to appeal for the admission of such consequences as should flow from it. A simple example: Talk to the average birth-restrictionist. He usually knows nothing about God; that is, nothing clearly. Hence it is almost useless to talk to him about "purpose" in nature, or "ends." Hence he can regard the active methods of birth restriction as "interfering with nature"—that is, with God's intention in creating, neither more nor less than having a tooth out does. Hence he addresses himself to the problem purely as an opportunist.

because, his will for control being so comprehensive and fierce, God helped it immeasurably, and he lived an "angel's life," not as though angels were poor, thin creatures somehow, but because of their intensity of absolutely right existence. And again, action and reaction. Because he kept himself, body and mind, so white—yes, white-hot; not the chill, dead white of chalk—he saw God all the clearer. Our Lord promised that that should be so, and observation bears Him out at every point; and the better he saw God the less possible it became so much as to take what was wrong into consideration. Would that we could make the world at large understand that Christian purity is not to be thought of as a pale hothouse product. It is impurity that is weak; it is lust that sinks towards insanity; it is prurience that means maggots in the brain. The Holy Father said, on March 20th, to the Gregorian University—and with what truth!—that a man may actually experience "what a splendid preparation for *getting at truth* is purity; the pure soul is that to which God shows Himself; that is the soul which raises itself and maintains itself in the serene and shining skies of truth"—all truth, the Pope implied, though "especially such truths as concern God and the things of God."

There has been sin enough in the past, but I doubt whether there was ever so determined a current as now to justify what was called "sin." Everybody knows that most of those who have profited by the theories of Freud—and they must have been millions—have done so in the interests of instinct. Remove inhibitions; away with repressions. *I cannot help* (most fatal, most inhuman words: the very denial, in the concrete, of that will whereby we most are men) wanting even my most perverted wants; and what I want, in the interests of my nature, I should have; what I feel, I should at once express. What are the methods of birth-restriction save the adaptation of *machinery* to enable a *man* to live with impunity like an *animal*? Impunity! It is not for nothing that everywhere houses are being built on the assumption that the inhabitants will have no families. And again and again the ultimate argument is: "You can't *expect* a man to control himself." For good or ill—we think for good; indeed, are sure of it—Englishmen still on the whole profess that sexual morality is the better thing. They seek, not exactly through hypocrisy, as to others it may seem, for excuses when they "fall,"—it is so they describe their actions—but we constantly hear of peoples where the very idea that chastity is

possible seems effete ; it is taken for granted that young men must go wrong ; horrible tales have reached us of those who, more than any others, had the gravest, the tenderest responsibilities towards their sons, arranging that wrong should be done (since done it "had to be") but safely, or discreetly. How does not the most public kiosk, in many a land, play up to this ? How is not vice put before the eyes and into the imagination of any passing child ? How intermittent, how constantly foiled by authority, have not been the efforts to put a little decency at least into what is public ? And lest we seem to be pharisaically condemning other lands than ours, how different is the kind of shop that offers its wares even in our main streets, from what was to be seen even a poor ten years ago. The glorious innocence of Stanislaus and the grim control of Aloysius ought to be great allies to the harassed instincts and wills of their brothers, our contemporaries.

Where the mind is clear, the will may or may not be strong ; where the mind is muddled, it cannot be better than obstinate. Enough has been said here and elsewhere about the colossal strength of Aloysius's will ; there is no room to relate the incidents that make certain the similar though more graceful strength of the Polish boy's. I must hope that the apparent enfeeblement of will in our generation is due almost wholly to the eclipsing of principles mentioned above. It is true that we are more distressed by so many instances of inability to stick to a thing than by any notable increase in wrong things done. But it certainly is woeful to see the recurrence of what made Lucretius's chief anguish—the *incerta voluntas*, the wavering at the last moment. Men *suffer* from their weakness of will, but they do not see that you cannot persevere unless you keep the mind firmly on its object ; and you cannot do that till you have a quite definite object to keep it on. (In parenthesis, how right, even "mechanically," I mean as a psychological instrument, is prayer and, in particular, meditation of the Ignatian sort ! Nothing can equal it as a way of training the mind to keep the ideal clear and present. It is a *sine qua non*, for many, of determination.)

When the whole idea of purpose in life has flagged, what can become of its corollary, vocation ? Yet each man has his own. God has a purpose in His acts. He cannot but have therefore a purpose for the world and for each part ; that is, for each man. An all-wise, all-good purpose, utterly to be fulfilled if the point and work of one's existence themselves

are not to be lost. To success, to this success, He summons each ; and let us not so use " vocation " as equivalent to " religious vocation " as to suggest to those who have not that one that they have none. Unless we re-inspire each Catholic with the sense of his personal work demanded of him, or at least allowed to him by God, the whole apostolic element in his life may weaken out—his work will have been not done. Terrific task ! For who can pretend that the half of us realize " vocation " ? It has to be preached and re-preached. In this duty whose help will be more vigorous than that of these two men whose whole life can be construed in terms of Fulfilled Vocation ? Not here the place to tell again the tremendous struggle each had to provide. Enough to recall what to me seems to penetrate more deeply into nature than the pain of having to fight a difficulty—the anguish of having to fight for you really know not what. There were the hours when the Jesuit Fathers of Vienna themselves seemed to be telling Stanislaus that he had no vocation—they imposed the impossible condition of his Father's permission. And later, after the tramp to Augsburg, after the scullery service at Dillingen, after the endless miles to Rome and the joy of harbour won, the problem rose : " What if on my account my Father closes all the Society's houses in my country ? " Even in face of that, he clung to it, and the noviciate did not cast him out. Aloysius's struggle is proverbial ; in it we emphasize again that period when his only prayer could be : " Direct me ; direct me for the best," so inexplicable did the future seem. And again, what in anyone else might have been a final test, but in his case was a mark of his superiors' absolute trust—his being sent home from his religious house at Rome to settle the quarrels of princes. To-day, when either our laity must realize to the full their own vocation, or the Catholic work in England remain undone, we can look with confidence to two men who lived their vocation out to the full.

Finally, that vocation concerned society at large. It would be too much to ask St. Stanislaus for social philosophy, or economic theories, I imagine ; but never did he mean to be a hermit. An Italian writer has urged that Aloysius's society was not so very bad a one ; no doubt there were good people in it—his mother, for example ; and no doubt every one knew the path to virtue and what virtue was should they want to make use of them. But I should say that even the end of the 16th century contained a pretty horrible state of things, and that anyhow the whole structure of society was wrong. And so is

ours. Would that one-tenth of the energy spent in denouncing birth-restriction were devoted to bettering those conditions that make restriction seem the only reasonable course to take. Would that each Catholic would—I will not say consent to sacrifice himself to the extent of doing some work for others—but would find life simply intolerable were he not doing some such work for others. Aloysius liked the Society because he knew it went to the foreign missions ; he liked its work among young men. At Madrid, where the king's geographer taught him the " globes," how can he not have heard a deal about Columbus, and have been fired to translate what he heard into his own spiritual language ? He might never have been allowed to be a Xavier ; but when the plague came he was incessant in his work among the dying, and himself died of it. We have been struck by the emphasis laid by the Sovereign Pontiff on this death of Aloysius from the plague. Certainly very few are aware of it. As usual, his statues have accustomed us to the surplice rather than, shall I say, the orderly's apron. But his indomitable spirit, unquelled by illness, made him vow, the moment there seemed a chance of recovery, that he would resume his work in the hospitals.

But though Aloysius at any rate used arguments about his vocation, in the last resort what he knew for certain was just that God was calling him, and what he resolved indomitably was that he would follow. The goal might be obscure, the path entangled, the consequences (save the supreme one of *pleasing God*) concealed ; but he had to go, and he went.

I feel convinced that these are substantial things ; they were not different for Stanislaus or Aloysius from what they are for us. The bright, alert eyes of the little Polish prince and the grave gaze of the Lombard marquis can look straight into our minds. There need be not one moment's artificiality in our relations. With awe we may recall that what was their help is ours ; Mary is as near us as she was near Stanislaus ; the Crucifix as visible as it was to Aloysius. And the Communion that they fed upon are our Communion. We should be false, I think, not only to their merits, but to the whole special spirit of the undying Church, were we not to seek out in them these, and what better characteristics we can find, and use them to develop in our age that heroism without which already the Catholic life, often enough, cannot be lived, and which we half fear, half hope, will become more and more necessary perhaps in not many years.

C. C. MARTINDALE.

THE JESUIT RELATIONS

"L n'est rien tel que les Jésuites," says Pascal in one of the most famous of his Provincial Letters; and although he meant the phrase in anything but a complimentary way, one might be justified in so taking it, when one reads the lives of the early Jesuit Missionaries in Canada, the contemporaries and compatriots of those very Jesuits whose supposedly lax moral teaching Pascal was attacking. The story of their endeavours, published under the title of "Relations de la Nouvelle France," gives us an insight into the character of the missionaries themselves. One can hardly believe when reading the story of their lives, told simply and directly in their own words, that the Jesuits were such despicable creatures as Pascal would have us think.¹

It was St. Ignatius who first insisted that foreign missionaries of the Society of Jesus should write accounts of their work to their brethren in Europe, and as early as 1549 we find St. Francis Xavier giving explicit instructions to this effect to the Superiors of the missions he had established in the East. There were three kinds of "Relations," as they came to be called: personal letters written to the Father General or to friends, and not intended for publication; letters to be circulated amongst Jesuits only and published under the title *Litteræ Annuæ Societatis Jesu ad patres et fratres ejusdem Societatis*; and letters written to Superiors, not necessarily (though they often were) intended for publication. To this last class belong the "Relations" properly so called, and the most famous are those of New France. These were begun by Father Biard in 1616 and continued more or less regularly till 1672. In the following year Clement X. forbade the publication of books concerning the missions without the consent of Propaganda.²

¹ Parkman, it is true, professes to be shocked at some of the missionaries' actions, especially their covert administration of Baptism to dying children ("The Jesuits in North America," pp. 96-7). To him this is an example of "that equivocal morality, lashed by the withering satire of Pascal;" to others not gifted, as was Parkman, with a New England conscience, there is nothing but what is praiseworthy in the zealous priests' actions.

² Thwaites thinks the discontinuance of the Relations was probably due to the influence of Frontenac (appointed Governor of Canada in 1672), who, because of his Jansenistic tendencies, disliked the Jesuits. Thwaites was doubtless unaware of the immediate cause of the Relations' discontinuance, viz., the controversy over the Malabar rites.

The Relations were first published in Paris in 1632 by Sebastien Cramoisy. These volumes were so popular with members of the French Court, always generous benefactors of the Canadian missions, that when search was made for them by collectors of the last century, very few copies could be found and those almost worn out by constant reading. Other publishers in France and Italy brought out editions after the suppression of the Cramoisy series. When the Parliament buildings in Quebec were burnt in 1854 and many valuable books were lost, including copies of the Relations, the Canadian Government decided to republish the Cramoisy's. This they did in 1858. Other documents hitherto unpublished were brought to light later on, the principal one being the "*Journal des Jésuites*," edited by the Abbés Laverdière and Casgrain, of Quebec Seminary. It is chiefly to the Catholic historians, O'Callaghan and Shea, and the Protestant, Parkman and Thwaites, that we owe most of our knowledge of the Jesuit Relations. Reuben Gold Thwaites' work, "*The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents*," which gave for the first time an English translation of the French text, has long been the standard edition. As this consists of 73 volumes, not easily accessible to the average reader, a selection of the more interesting documents has been made by Edna Kenton and published in one volume under the same title.¹

The matter contained in the Relations is most varied. Thus practically the whole of Lejeune's Relation of 1634 is taken up with an account of the savages: their superstitions, their virtues and vices, their feasts and hunting. Their ideas of the creation of the world, of death and a future life are interesting, if vague and childish in the extreme. They had a distorted version of the Flood, which bears a strong resemblance to the Aztec story of Coxcox and the Chaldean epic of Nimrod. There is an interesting parallel to the fable of Pandora in the story told to Father Brébeuf of the Indian who received from this same Messou the gift of immortality in a little package which he was to keep closed. But his curious and incredulous wife, anxious to see what was inside, opened it and the contents flew away. Since then the savages were subject to death and woman became the source of all suffering.

Absurd though these superstitions were, the Indians were

¹ McLelland and Stewart, Toronto, 1925.

not without a certain cunning in defending them. They could not account for all that happened after death in their happy hunting-grounds because, as they said, they had not gone there as yet; and for the same reason they refused to believe what was said of Heaven or Hell by men who had never been to either place.

They also refused to believe that there was only one God, Father of the Indians as well as of the French. "If we had been of one father," they objected, "we should know how to make knives and coats as well as you." "Do they hunt in Heaven, or make war or go to feasts?" asked one of them. "Oh! No!" replied the priest. "Then I will not go. It is not good to be lazy," was the astonishing reply.¹

Longfellow in his *Hiawatha* depicts the arrival of the missionary among the Indians. He pictures the

birch canoe with paddles
Rising, sinking, on the water,
Dripping, flashing in the sunshine.

From the farthest realms of morning
Came the Black-Robe Chief, the Prophet,
He the Priest of prayer, the Paleface,
With his guides and his companions.

This he has taken from Marquette's account, written in 1674, of his voyage to the Mississippi, which he discovered and explored with Joliet the previous year. Marquette's description of his formal reception by the Illinois is very striking:

At the door of the cabin in which we were to be received was an old man, who awaited us in a rather surprising attitude which constitutes a part of the ceremonial that they observe when they receive strangers. This man stood erect and stark naked, with his hands extended and lifted towards the sun, as if he wished to protect himself from its rays, which nevertheless shone upon his face through his fingers. When we came near him, he paid us this compliment:—"How beautiful the sun is, O Frenchman, when thou comest to visit us! All our village awaits thee, and thou shalt enter all our cabins in peace."²

At the conference, as Longfellow depicts it,

In a circle round the doorway
With their pipes they sat in silence,

¹ Relations, 1637.

² Kenton, *op. cit.* p. 347.

Waiting to behold the strangers,
 Waiting to receive their message,
 Till the Black-Robe Chief, the Pale-face,
 From the wigwam came to meet them,
 - Stammering in his speech a little,
 Speaking words yet unfamiliar.

Words, needless to say, of peace, telling them of the God who had created them and wished to be known and loved by them.

There is something fascinating in these accounts of the missionaries' journeys and their reception by the Indians. The latter were a practical people, unable to understand abstract terms and expressions,¹ yet they could, and did, give full play to their imagination when speaking in Council. There is a Homeric touch in the simplicity and grandeur of their speech, which the Jesuits, well trained as they were in the classics, were not slow to seize and imitate. An account is given in the Relation of 1656 of the voyage of Fathers Chaumonot and Dablon to the country of the Upper Iroquois. When Father Chaumonot had made his opening speech at the Council, the Indians answered him in song "in wondrous harmony," says the Relation, "somewhat resembling our plain chant." These songs, like those of the old minstrels, were composed for the occasion on the spur of the moment. They told of the Indians' joy at receiving the Fathers, how the hatchet was hurled into the deepest abyss, and French and Iroquois were now relatives and brothers. So welcome were the white men that even the fish of the rivers were adjured to jump into their nets and consider themselves honoured to be caught by them. The Indians delighted in this metaphorical language, and Father Chaumonot, taking a leaf from their book, lost no opportunity of preaching the truths of religion to them in the same flowery style. We read how in one village, after delivering many dramatic speeches accompanying each by a collar of beads as a present, he produced the most beautiful collar of all as a climax, and told the Indians that he was about to offer them a sovereign remedy against all their afflictions. This great remedy was the Faith which he had come to proclaim to them. "The

¹ Cf. the story told by Parkman of the Indian, who, on hearing a missionary speak of the waters of baptism that cleansed the soul of sin, said he knew this water well, for the Dutch had once given him so much of it that they had to tie him down to prevent him from doing any mischief! (*op. cit.* p. 164, note).

Father then preached in what was really the Italian style," says Father Dablon who writes the Relation, "having a sufficient space for walking about and for proclaiming with pomp the Word of God. It is past belief how the Father's speech and his engaging ways charmed these people. 'Though he had spoken till evening,' said some, 'our ears would never have been full and our hearts would still have been hungry for his words'." One can reverentially imagine some such statement of opinion having been voiced after the Sermon on the Mount.

That his words bore fruit is shown by the speech of the Captain on the following day, when, in giving Father Chaumonot a collar of seven thousand beads (an enormously rich present for an Indian), he said: "It is the present of the Faith; it is to tell thee that I am really a believer, and to exhort thee not to weary in teaching us. Continue to visit our cabins, and have patience with our dullness in learning how to pray. In a word impress it well upon our minds and hearts." Next day measurements were taken for a chapel. "Upon its completion it was consecrated by the baptism of three children, to whom the way to Heaven was opened under that bark roof just as well as it is to those who are held over fonts whose arches are of gold and silver."¹

Numerous incidents full of human interest are scattered here and there throughout these annals of the missions. We read of the awe inspired among the savages by Brébeuf's clock, which they thought was alive and honoured by the title of "Captain of the Day." They would wait a whole hour, sometimes many hours, squatted on the ground, in order to hear it strike; and when at the last stroke one of the Frenchmen would cry "Stop!", their wonder knew no bounds. They believed implicitly Father Brébeuf's innocent little jest that when it struck 12 it said "Put the kettle on," and when it struck 4, "Get up and go home"; so that there was always visitors for the noonday meal and the Fathers were left in peace after 4 o'clock. In the Relation of 1649 we read of the Frenchmen who were shipwrecked near the Grand Banks and drifted in three small boats over the Atlantic for thirteen days with nothing to eat, save a fish which they managed to catch, and only a small portion of brandy to drink. Driven to desperation by their plight they decided to cast lots and kill and eat one of their own number. One man, stouter

¹ Kenton, *op. cit.* pp. 266, ff.

in build than the rest, objected to this on the score that he was best suited because of his size to be the victim. Nevertheless they drew lots, and when, as it turned out, the choice fell on him, he could not resist an "I told you so." Even then the Frenchmen revolted at the thought of such an act of cannibalism, and made one of their party climb the mast to scan the ocean once more. To their surprise and joy he sighted a ship, and with renewed vigour they rowed towards it. It was an English merchant vessel, whose crew at first refused to take them on board, fearing their victuals would not suffice for so large a number. Fortunately for the Frenchmen the wives of some of the crew happened to be on the ship, and these women, throwing themselves at the feet of their husbands, begged them to save the castaways and generously offered to give up their own share of food to them. Moved by their entreaties the men gave way, took the Frenchmen on board and landed them eventually on the island of Madeira.

These are only a few incidents chosen here and there at random. Many others, perhaps more interesting, might have been taken, for the Relations are a perfect mine of information. The novelist could find a store of material in the many tales of heroism recounted there, such as the martyrdom of Brébeuf and Lalement, or of any of the Canadian martyrs,¹ or, say, the story of the youthful Dollard des Ormeaux and his sixteen companions who, after receiving Holy Communion and taking an oath to give and take no quarter, left Montreal to sell their lives dearly at the foot of the Long Sault on the Ottawa River, fighting against tremendous odds, and so save Montreal from being wiped out by the Iroquois hordes.²

The dramatist could stage many a striking scene with the pictures given him of the Indian Council, reminiscent in many ways of the Homeric times,—the young braves eager for the war-path, the old men solemnly deliberating at the Council-fire, speaking "winged words," often of deceit and treachery, hiding their savage thoughts beneath impassive countenances, the assembly shouting its assent, or, like the chorus of a Greek tragedy, breaking into song in approbation of the speech. "Farewell war! Farewell hatchet! We have been fools till now, but in the future we will be brothers; yes, we

¹ Relations of 1649.

² Relations of 1660.

will truly be brothers. To-day the great peace is made. Farewell war! Farewell arms!"¹ The tragic end of Marquette when only 38 years old, dying, as he had always prayed to die, "in a wretched cabin in the midst of the forests and bereft of all human succour"; his funeral procession of canoes lying on the peaceful bosom of Lake Michigan, their occupants listening in reverent silence to the *De Profundis* chanted by the priests before Marquette's body was disembarked and brought into the little chapel on the shore,²—these and many another scene would be ready material in the hands of a skilful dramatist.

The psycho-analyst would be surprised to learn that his doctrine was long known and in use among the savages. For according to Father Jouvency's account of the Canadian mission the Indians

believe that there are two main sources of disease; one of them is in the mind of the patient himself, which desires something and will vex the body of the sick man until it possesses the thing required. For they think that there are in every man certain inborn desires, *often unknown to themselves*, upon which the happiness of individuals depends. For the purpose of ascertaining desires and innate appetites of this character, they summon sooth-sayers, who, as they think, have a divinely imparted power to look into the inmost recesses of the mind.³

But it is above all to the historian of the New World that the Relations are most interesting, even invaluable. Parkman and Thwaites are both insistent on this. No one would claim, after reading in Parkman's "The Jesuits in North America" the amusing chapter on "Loyola and the Jesuits," an echo of Macaulay's well-known passage in its lurid account of what we justly consider the Jesuit of fiction—no one would claim, I say, that Parkman was prejudiced in favour of the Society. Yet in his preface to the same book, though he says of the Relations that "in respect to the value of their contents they are exceedingly unequal," he candidly admits that

with regard to the condition and character of the primitive inhabitants of North America, it is impossible to

¹ Relations of 1655-6.

² Dablon's note to Marquette's unfinished journal.

³ Thwaites, *op. cit.* I, 259.

exaggerate their value as an authority. I should add that the closest examination has left me no doubt that these missionaries wrote in perfect good faith, and that the Relations hold a high place as authentic and trustworthy documents.

And in another place he praises the French and Italian Jesuits of the 17th century for having used their unrivalled opportunities of studying Indian superstitions "in a spirit of faithful inquiry, accumulating facts and leaving theory to their successors."¹

Thwaites is no less emphatic.

The authors of the journals which formed the basis of the Relations were for the most part men of trained intellect, acute observers, and practised in the art of keeping records of their experiences. . . . These first students of the North American Indians were not only amply fitted for their undertaking, but none have since had a better opportunity for its prosecution. . . . The Jesuits performed a great service to mankind in publishing their annals, which are for the historian, geographer, and ethnologist, among our first and best authorities.²

One instance will suffice to bear out these statements and to show that the Relations are worthy of credence. In a manuscript written at Caen in 1678 Brother Regnault describes how he examined the bodies of Brébeuf and Lalement the day after their martyrdom. The accounts received of their death came from some Indians who had been captured with the martyred priests but had found means to escape to the Jesuit headquarters nearby. Brother Regnault spent over two hours in examining the mutilated bodies limb by limb to see if the marks of their sufferings tallied with the account given by the Indians. He gives the results of his examination in great detail, showing with what accurate and painstaking care he performed his task. The simple style of his narration, which bears on its face the stamp of truth, is characteristic of all the Relations. Men who had to write under such appalling conditions as faced these missionaries could have no motive for telling anything but the truth. Even when they speak of the intense sufferings which they were forced to

¹ Introduction lxxix, note 2.

² Introduction, "Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents."

endure, they are simple and direct. Father Bressani writes to the Father General:

I do not know if your Paternity will recognize the handwriting of one whom you once knew very well. The letter is soiled and ill-written, because the writer has only one finger of his right hand left entire, and cannot prevent the blood from his wounds, which are still open, from staining the paper. His ink is gun-powder mixed with water, and his table is the earth.¹

Conan Doyle, in "The Refugees," makes Frontenac say to King Louis of France about the Jesuits:

Your Majesty has many brave men within your domains, but none braver than these. They have come back up the Richelieu River from the Iroquois villages with their nails gone, their fingers torn out, a cinder where their eye should be, and the scars of the pine splinters as thick upon their bodies as the fleur-de-lis on yonder curtain. Yet, with a month of nursing from the good Ursulines, they have used their remaining eye to guide them back to the Indian country once more, where even the dogs have been frightened at their haggled faces and twisted limbs.

Such were the men who wrote the Relations; and if it is true that the style is the man, then Thwaites was right in saying, "These devoted missionaries—never in any field has been witnessed greater heroism than theirs—live and breathe before us in the Relations." Apart from the historical and ethnological knowledge that the Relations give us, we see living in their pages those heroes who wrote the early history of Canada in their own blood, and who, though they failed through no fault of their own, in establishing a stable Christianity among the Indians,² have left behind them even in failure a name for bravery that few men have surpassed.

¹ Relation Abrégée, 2nd part, c.2.

² The Jesuits in Canada had hoped to imitate their brethren in Paraguay in having Reductions for the Indians (Rochemonteix; *Les Jésuites et la Nouvelle France*, I., p. 386), but the savage Iroquois ruined their missions and frustrated their designs. All that is left to-day of their experiments are the Huron settlement at Lorette near Quebec and the Iroquois settlement at Caughnawaga near Montreal.

THE MATTOID OF ST. MARK'S

THIS is not a story but good, plain history in the heavenly sense of the word. William Brown was really quite a decent fellow, a public-school man who still remembered with faint repugnance that all Gaul was divided into three parts and that boulimy was a kind of vast but unwholesome appetite which heavy-armed troops developed when on the march. Though the chief ambition of his life was to get round the local links in even fours, he was, as he admitted himself, "cursed with a romantic strain." As is well known, books of a certain type, breezy things about old castles and the snows of yester year are poisonous for such temperaments. Brown read one called "The Road in Tuscany," by the late Maurice Hewlett, and it was responsible for all the trouble. Shortly afterwards, to his increasing astonishment, he found himself first in Florence and then in Siena. Now Siena is a city to which a man must come, physically speaking, armed cap-à-pie, if he is to savour its full charm. Brown unfortunately had one dangerous joint in his harness, which he used to call his heel of Achilles though it was situated under his sixth rib. As an organ, his liver was quite disreputable, "a good twenty over bogey," he once remarked. After his first night at the hotel overlooking the Passegio Lizza he felt that he could have given Dante some useful tips for his "Inferno." Take motor-bikes, for instance. Dante knew a thing or two about tortures but he never thought of anything so fiendish as a motor-bike ridden by the young desperadoes of Siena. A motor-bike to them is not a plain motor-bike. It is an engine of war and they are not happy till they have got every ounce of explosiveness it possesses out of it. The field-guns of Flanders seemed to Brown like music in comparison. Their favourite time for this amusement in Siena is from ten o'clock until one at night, and from five until seven in the morning. In addition to this there was no putty in the windows and they rattled so heart-breakingly that Brown had to turn out at midnight and cement them with a leader from the "Continental Daily Mail," entitled "For King and Country." He prized that leader, and there it was now with all its noble sentiments stopping up a rattling window. Imperial Cæsar

dead and turned to clay. . . Then there were the streets, even the best of them like the Via Cavour. No pavements, no islands, no policemen, nothing but a great, jolly, garrulous mob into which cyclists dashed with immense valour breaking up happy families six abreast and severing innumerable Romeos from their Juliets. The curious thing was, Brown thought, that no one seemed to mind these marauders in the least. Even when a big car decorated with a Union Jack or the Stars and Stripes came along monopolizing practically the whole street, the people would just skip into a doorway or flatten themselves against the walls of an ancient palace and then link arms again and laugh as blithely as if Henry Ford and his like had never been born. Brown was positively shocked at their tolerant nonchalance. Why, in England "The Times" would be flooded with letters and the L.C.C. would certainly set about pulling down the Saracini. Finally, and worst of all, there was the food problem. Oil, oil, oil, and Brown's heel of Achilles simply hated oil. After dinner one day he remarked to a fellow Briton, who did not see the point, that he felt like St. John at the Latin Gate.

A great problem to him was how the white, sleek, long-horned oxen of Tuscany managed to grow up. You never saw a young one except *in sensu diviso* on your plate, and there you never saw anything else. There was the tea, too, always foaming with rage at the top that it had been made with water well under the sacrosanct 212. That water was yet another of Brown's grievances. The *cameriere* had expatiated to him on its glories, pointing out how smooth and soft it was, so that nowhere in the world could a man shave himself with more joy than in Siena. "Like silk, Signore, and so superior to the cattiva acqua of Firenze which gives the Inglesi pimples on their chins." Brown was cheered by this information. He liked shaving in the grand manner which takes an hour, and he found that the waiter was quite right. Sienese water did give a fellow a glorious lather. Not until rinsing operations began did he discover the *cauda serpentis*, the fly in the ointment, the canker in the rose. The more he rinsed the more the lather grew. Suds et prae-terea nihil, so that he was reduced at last to fetching them off bodily with a towel. Brown then was in no mood for romance when over all his other woes there swung suddenly the great

thunder-cloud of the General Strike. The old country was indeed going to the dogs. The Italian papers were so full of "il sciopero inglese" that they forgot for a time their raptures over the voyage of the Norge. One morning Brown read some lines in a prominent Catholic organ which made his blood boil savagely. "See how England goes daily to the devil," they ran, "see how Italy goes from strength to strength. *Celebriamo il Fascismo!*" "God bless my soul," said Brown to himself. "*Celebriamo il Fascismo!* If I don't get out of here at once I'll burst."

"Where to, sir?" asked the cocchiere whose name was Julio Cesare. "Anywhere out of this. To the nearest desert," growled Brown as he got into the carriage, hugging a book which he had seized at the last minute under his arm. Julio cracked his whip, the horse tossed the tall pheasant feather between his ears to right and left and away they rolled over the flat, shiny stones towards the Terzo di Città. Those Terzi thought Brown, and Julius Cæsar up there cracking his whip. *Omnis Gallia divisa est in tres partes.* What was that game they used to play on the Campo? Yes, *Elmora*; the Terzo di Città took on the other two, didn't they? San Martino and Camollia. Talk about Wigan and Oldham in a Northern Union final! Schoolgirls at croquet, that's what those brawny lads would look like beside the gay murderers in tights who used to smash each other's heads with such gusto for the delight of their fellow-citizens. Then there were those other games in honour of St. George, the "Giorgiani." Wonder what St. George's feelings must have been? Skulls cracking to his glory! At any rate the buffaloes were an improvement on that. Red Indians, that's what the Sienese were. Scalps and buffaloes. The Palio is not so bad; more like the Derby, only fancy running it in Trafalgar Square! Should rather like to see the Palio. Bit of silk stuff, isn't it, that the winning contrada gets. Jolly good idea, too, when one comes to think of it, and much more sporting than bank-notes. And then the jockeys lash one another instead of the horses. Another jolly good idea. Smith, who was here last July, said I'd never go to Epsom again once I'd seen the Palio. A Rotten Row affair in comparison. I can see Smith now, waving his arms about and almost foaming at the mouth in his efforts to describe it. Pandemonium in the town for several days before July 2nd; thousands of excited people rushing to the Campo to witness the rehearsals. All eyes

on the fatal spot where the brick track rises abruptly—San Martino's turning, the Tattenham Corner of the Palio. They scream themselves hoarse and they swear as only Sieneese know how to swear. But wait a bit, these are only trial runs and nothing is yet at stake. The trials decide which ten horses are fit to take part in the race, and each of the ten is then assigned a number. Corresponding numbers are thrown into one urn and the names of the ten contrade into another. Number five is drawn, the favourite, and there is a deathly hush, as a slip is taken from the other vessel. The Oca has it, the contrada whose emblem is a pious-looking white goose with a red cross hanging round its neck. A deafening yell of ecstasy splits the heavens. Every Oca man and woman embraces every other Oca man and woman and makes faces at members of the rival contrade. There is tension in the town in those days. A Ram crosses to the other side of the street if he sees a Giraffe coming, and it is very wonderful if a Snail doesn't black the eye of a Unicorn. Tortoises say cutting things to Panthers, and it is on record that an Owl who sold newspapers refused to have commercial dealings with a Porcupine. At this point Smith always got incoherent, silly ass! Talked about volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, maelstroms, and what not. Well they *are* an extraordinary people, these Siena folk. I shouldn't like the job of keeping them quiet; always at one another's or somebody else's throats they were, plebeians and nobles, just like in the good old times of Romulus and Remus. They spit, too, abominably, the beggars. Worse than the Yankee of fiction. Just think, having to put up a notice in churches requesting the congregation not to spit unnecessarily!

At this point Brown's ruminations were interrupted by an elusive interjection which Julio had addressed to his horse. A regiment of green-clad soldiers turned a corner and held up both Julio and an eighty-five h.p. Bugatti containing three bored-looking men. One of them took a swift glance at Brown:

"Say," he began, "you're British I think?"

"Yes," answered Brown testily.

"Anything worth seeing in this place?"

"Oh, yes; motor races from ten till one every night. You might also try a Sieneese shave, and have some tea with a kipper stewed in olive oil. Afterwards there are a few churches . . ."

"Ease off Lew," said the second man, "that chap's pulling your leg."

"I'm fed up with churches," said the third man, "let's buzz on."

And on they buzzed. "Well of all the . . ." thought Brown, but this part of his rumination is unfit to chronicle in the pages of *THE MONTH*. He remembered then another scene. It was in the Musaeo of St. Mark's in Florence where he was thoroughly enjoying the Fra Angelico's. Brown, be it known to his credit, was in spite of his bluff plus-four poses, a real lover of art. He wouldn't let Smith or any of the other fellows at the club know it for worlds, but in his heart of hearts he preferred going round the Pitti any day to going round the best of links. Well there he was at San Marco enjoying one of Fra Angelico's sweetest little dreams in blue and gold. Our Lady looks as if she had walked out of Heaven into the frame, he was thinking. There was a man behind him, a nice-looking fellow, middle-aged and prosperous. Brown politely moved out of the way. "Here Pam," said the man to his equally nice-looking prosperous lady, "take these peepers and just see how that kid is snuggling up to his ma." It was then that Brown swore his great vow, not out loud of course, but down all through him to his toes. He would never again smoke Virginian tobacco, or eat shredded wheat, or shave with an auto-strop, or sing "John Brown's Body," or do a whole lot of things which he had been in the habit of doing for ever so long. They were too impossible, they really were. The Duomo, the Baptistery, the Campo, the Belle Arte, the Palazzi, Fontebranda. . . . "Anything worth seeing in the place?" Oh, hang Christopher Columbus! Pack of boorish philistines, that's what they were.

Meantime Julio had taken his fuming fare out through the Porta San Marco and along the pleasant rising road to Belcaro. Brown was too annoyed to notice the quiet beauty in which the hills were clothed or the symbolism of the vines that rose in ranks out of the corn. He was thinking what a vast number of impossible people the world contains, that mattoid at St. Mark's, and Smith and Bevin and Cook and Ramsay MacDonald, and all those sinister little mining chaps with their whippet races and the rest of it, trying to turn England's green and pleasant land into a Russian hell. The railway fellows were just as bad. Way they flung those milk

cans down the steps at Purley. Seemed to like making a row, and you never knew which platform the old thing would come in at. The Southern of course, but were the others much better? Blackguardly lot, those Companies. Employers and employed tarred with the same brush. Grab, grab, grab. And the politicians, Heaven help us, talk, talk, talk, while decent people were being taxed to the starvation line. Couldn't even buy a new brassy. What was it that Irish chap used to say in the play? "The world's in a state of chassis."

By now Julio had rounded Belcaro and turned up a rough track which ran parallel to an eager, chattering little stream. "What about this for a desert, Signore?" he said, turning round with a smile. That smile stirred Brown. It was ever so wistful, and the Tuscan voice was like music. "What's this place called?" he asked less gruffly. "Lecceto, sir," answered Julio, "and you are not the first Englishman to come out here for peace." Brown did not know what the fellow meant by that remark, and strolled off over the stepping-stones with his book under his arm. There were ilex trees all round him and groves of oak in the distance. Not a sound could he hear but the drowsy argument of the brook and the nightingales. Funny name to give them, he thought, blazing away in broad daylight. Didn't some old Greek say that man was the measure of all things? Talking through his hat. It's not man but a man's bit of country that does the measuring. Because a small bird, something like a sparrow, keeps the B.B.C. yawning till midnight trying to broadcast it, we call it a nightingale, though everywhere else it sings just as well during the day. If cats were called nightingales there would be some logic in it. Fanny Braun was a proper cat, the way she treated that poor beggar Keats. Most women just the same, and if they're not nasty they're silly. There was that dear old lady in the hotel in Florence who impressed on me that whatever else I saw in the city I must on no account miss the house in which Florence Nightingale used to live. Asked her if she'd been to the Bargello and she said "What's that?"

So Brown fretted as he wound his way up the gentle slope of the hill. The nightingales made him worse, and he said quite crossly, addressing one perky little prima donna, "Pah, an English blackbird would sing a dozen of you to sleep." At last he sat down on a tuft of white heather and took out

a cigarette—a "Lucky Strike." When he saw the name he flung the cigarette away furiously into a bush of flaming broom where it got stuck and stood up on end like a miniature Statue of Liberty. Strikes and Americans! William Brown opened his book in a rage, a new book on golf which he had packed in his bag on the recommendation of Colonel Tuppit, whose Spoon play he greatly admired and envied. The first words that met his eyes were these:

Such a man as this rejoices in everything; he does not make himself a judge of the servants of God, nor of any rational creature; nay, he rejoices in every condition and every type that he sees, saying, "Thanks be to Thee eternal Father, that Thou hast many mansions in Thy House." And he rejoices more in the different kinds of men that he sees than he would do in seeing them all walk in the same way, for so he sees the greatness of God's goodness more manifest. He joys in everything, and gets from it the fragrance of roses.

Brown's eye travelled in astonishment up the page. Across the top he read in big letters: TO BROTHER WILLIAM OF ENGLAND. Then he looked hurriedly at the title-page, which ran, "Saint Catherine of Siena as Seen in her Letters." Who on earth did it belong to? He had picked it up off the table outside his room, thinking it was his book on golf. Well, he'd have to apologize when he got back. A nuisance, but a fellow can't go walking off with other people's things like that. Meantime he would find out something about Brother William of England. Brown discovered that like himself he had been cursed with a romantic strain, had wandered off to Italy when quite young, and fascinated with the country had settled down for the rest of his days as a hermit in the Forest of Lecceto. That made the coincidence more exciting than ever, and he knew now what the *cocchiere* meant by that last remark of his. Brother William, the book said, was a very impatient and somewhat intolerant person given to carping criticism of the other hermits. Brown rubbed his chin. Perhaps I'm a bit like that. Let's see what else she has to say to me:

To Brother William and Messer Matteo. Dearest sons in Christ sweet Jesus. I Catherine, servant and slave of the servants of Jesus Christ, write to you in His precious

Blood with desire to see you bound in the bands of charity . . . Love, love one another; you are neighbours one of the other. But be on your guard for if your love were founded in your own profit or in the private affection which you might have for one another, it would not endure, but would fail and your soul would find itself empty. . . For while delight in him whom I love, or profit from him, may grow less, if one abides in God love does not fail, love does not turn away. The love of the virtue which is not there fails, to be sure; but it does not fail in so far as a man is a creature of God, His member, bound in the mystical body of Holy Church. Nay, there grows within one a love made up of great and true compassion, and with desire he brings his friend to the birth, with tears and sighs and continual prayers in the sweet Presence of God. Now this is the affection which Christ left to His disciples, which never lessens or grows languid, and is not impatient for any injury it receives; there is no spirit of criticism in it nor displeasure; it does not judge nor want to judge the will of men, but the will of its Creator which seeks and wills naught but our Sanctification. And it joys in what God permits, of whatsoever kind it be. . . .

By now Brown was fairly launched on the deep, calm waters. He did not hear the nightingales any longer or the laughter of the stream, but only the voice of a great woman pleading with him across five centuries.

From living faith one will derive a will in accord with that of God, and will quench in heart and mind the human instinct of judging. The will of God alone shall judge. . . In this wise one is not shocked at his neighbour and does not criticize him. . . Let human pride be ashamed and consent to see that in the House of the Eternal Father there are many mansions. . . For just because things are not pleasing to us and do not go according to our habits, we ought to be predisposed to believe that they are pleasing to God. We ought not to judge anything at all, nor can we, except open and manifest sin. And even this the soul enamoured of God and lost to itself does not assume to judge, except in displeasure for the sin and wrong done to God; and with great compassion for the soul of him who sins, eagerly willing to

give himself to any torture for the salvation of that soul. . .

Brown read on fascinated, letters to popes and prelates and poets and painters, to tailors' wives, and little girls and grey-beards, to learned doctors and swashbuckling soldiers and corporations.

To the Anziani and Consuls and Gonfalonieri of Bologna. Dearest brothers in Christ sweet Jesus. . . Did men know the truth they would see that only living in the fear of God preserves their state and the city in peace. Nor would they judge by hearsay, but only by holy and true justice; and they would heed the common good, and not any private good, and would appoint officials and those who are to rule the city, not by party or prejudice, not for flatteries or bribery but with virtue and reason alone; and they would choose men mature and excellent and not mere children—such as fear God and love the Commonwealth and not their own particular advantage. . . You see, dearest brothers and lords, that self-love ruins the city of the soul, and ruins and overturns the cities of earth. I will that you know that nothing has so divided the world into every kind of people as self-love, from which injustice is for ever born. . .

If only we had this little woman in England to-day, thought Brown, Waterloo Bridge would be saved. How she twisted people round her little finger! There was that multi-oathed old reprobate from Essex, Johnny Hawkwood. Saw him in Florence, painted on the walls of the Duomo with the saints, Messer John the Soldier of Fortune and Head of the Company that came in the time of famine. A good joke that. "Dearest and sweetest brother in Christ Jesus," is the way she addresses him. And the terribly depraved Queen Giovanna is her "Dearest Mother in Christ sweet Jesus." She won them all because she loved them all, and she says plainly over and over again that there is no other way of winning people. How she hated people to criticize their neighbours! Don't judge, don't judge, that's her constant cry. In my Father's House are many mansions; aye, even a corner for mattoids who talk about kids snuggling up to their ma. Kids and lambs. Ecce Agnus Dei. When one comes to think of it there isn't such a terrible difference after all. And "snuggling" wasn't such a bad word either; just the idea Fra Angelico wanted to convey. Santa Caterina

herself was rather a slangy little lady. What was it she used to call the Pope? *Dolce Babbo mio*—Sweet little daddy mine!

Brown walked over to the bush in front of him, picked out the defiant "Lucky Strike" and lit it. Then he put the book under his arm again and set off down the hill. Wonderful book. Would like to present a copy to Cook and Company, aye, and to each of those mine-owning fellows too. First class translation, best English I've read for a long time. Vida D. Scudder, the lady's name. By Jove, now that I come to think of it, that's just the way they write their names, first the Christian name in full, then an initial and then the surname; Hiram K. Johnstone sort of thing. Well I never! Wonder who the book belongs to. He must be a chap with good taste. I liked the passages with the pencil markings best, and there's old Julio giving me his most imperial bow. Buona sera, Julio, have an American cigarette.

Just below Belcaro, Julio pulled up his horse. "Look, Signore," he said, pointing through a break in the regiment of Olives that fringed the road. There was Siena, dreaming on its three hills under an opal sky, the *Vetus Civitas Virginis*. Brown felt an awful fool because the "romantic strain" got going and his eyes were getting watery. The poignant, haunting, wistful beauty of it. That old poet was right who said that a man who didn't know Siena didn't know what beauty was. "Listen, Signore," Julio broke in, "there's a blackbird answering a nightingale down there." Brown listened. Aye, he's a dear old fellow but he hasn't got a look in. Too stodgy and too many repetitions, the pianist of Little Spiffington Cinema competing with Paderewski. As they passed in through the Camollia gate, five words on the frescoed arch caught his eye. *Cor tibi magis Sena pandit*. What a charming welcome, he thought: "Even wider than her gate does Siena open her heart to thee." And these are the people I was fuming about! I'm a perfect ass. When he reached the hotel he immediately made inquiries about the owner of the book. "Yes, sir," said the hall-porter, "he asked me where it had got to; a gentleman who came from Florence last night. There he is passing into the dining-room." Brown followed, and a minute later the mattoid of St. Mark's was thanking him for the return of his property and opining that Siena knocked spots off Little Old New York.

J. BRODRICK.

A RATIONALIST ON ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

AN article entitled "Francis Xavier," by David Hannay appeared in the April number of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Without sharing in any way the religious convictions of the saint, Mr. Hannay has a certain admiration for "the intrepid gentleman of Navarre who wore himself to death within eleven short years in an heroic effort to achieve a great adventure." It is this, presumably, which has led him to conduct a "modest enquiry" into the life and achievement of Xavier.

It is an appreciation of the Saint from a merely natural point of view. In his opening paragraphs he dismisses the miraculous element as due to the pious imaginings of Jesuit writers. Throughout he looks on at the work of the apostle with the eyes of one who prefers to disregard the supernatural. He wishes to consider him not as a saint, but only as a very genuine man. This critical method is called "rationalism." It consists in refusing to look at chivalry and then trying to see King Arthur. Obviously it promises to lead to fantastic results. There is no knowing what conclusions may be reached if only a man is brave enough to omit a premise. I say "brave" rather than "bold," because I believe that Mr. Hannay writes from conviction; he at least has the candour to acknowledge his omission of the sanctity of the saint. Nevertheless, as an initial standpoint from which to criticize the life and character of a saint, it is rather like trying to account for conduct while deliberately ignoring the springs of motive.

But Mr. Hannay's honesty of purpose is hampered by more than the limitations of his point of view. Many instances besides the inaccurate dates he gives for Xavier's birth and death incline us to believe that he is not acquainted with the results of Jesuit scholarship that has done so much in recent years to put us in possession of the real facts of Xavier's life. He relates for example with characteristic comments the traditional instance of Xavier's spirit of mortification: "If the fact were not so characteristic of the time and its religious spirit, one would rather not have to record that he

deliberately refused to turn aside to say farewell to his mother, though his road took him close to her house at Xavier. There was an ugly pedantry in such an interpretation of the well-known text, and a kind of slavish copying of precedents. The piety which imposed on a man the obligation to show inhumanity, or told him there was merit in inflicting sorrow on his mother, was at heart brutal. One almost feels that Xavier on this occasion, at least, was chiefly desirous to let all men see that he was 'playing the game'." It is a pleasure to be able to assure the reluctant writer of these lines that there really is no need to record the incident. Many reasons might be given, but one is sufficient. In all probability Xavier was never within reasonable distance of home. Mascarenhas had to deliver a letter that St. Ignatius had written to his brother at Loyola and therefore the route of the party would lie much nearer the coast than the road which would have taken Xavier within ten miles of home. In any case his mother had died eleven years before!¹

It would be tedious to examine every passage that we believe to be mistaken either in statement of fact or in Mr. Hannay's interpretation of it. It will reduce the task to more tractable dimensions if we confine ourselves to a single but very central issue—the question of the miracles of St. Francis.

"If the question is put," says Mr. Hannay, "How can we leave aside the 'sanctity' of one who lives in the memory of the world as a saint, and for no other reason, the answer is just that nothing is easier nor more critical, considering the way in which the life of Francis Xavier has been written." He refers, however, not to the heroic virtues of the saint, but to the repute of his miracles. In his complaint of the exaggerated accounts of the old biographers he engages the sympathy of all who have read the credulous pieties of such writers as Lucena and Bouhours and the many who have followed in their tradition. To such biographers, even to some over-enthusiastic contemporaries, everything Xavier did was a miracle. To Mr. Hannay nothing Xavier did was in the true sense of the word miraculous. Undoubtedly both methods are "easy," but both, if they are *a priori* assumptions, are equally uncritical, Mr. Hannay's not less than Bouhours. To dismiss a thing merely because it has been exaggerated is

¹ P. L. J. M. Cros, S.J., *Saint François de Xavier, Documents Nouveaux*, 1896, p. 356.

to be guilty in the other extreme. Whether Xavier did perform any miracles and if so, how many, is merely a matter of unprejudiced examination of facts.

From Mr. Hannay's examination of the facts about Xavier's miracles three arguments emerge to support the conclusion that he never worked any. Stated briefly they are :

1. The reputed miracles are a legendary growth due to the first Jesuit writers about St. Francis.

2. The evidence given in the process of canonization is unreliable hearsay.

3. The saint himself never claimed that he worked miracles.

And first with regard to the argument that St. Francis never claimed miraculous powers for himself. Lest to summarize the argument unfairly deprive it of force, let us hear Mr. Hannay's own words :

Xavier was not an exception to Gibbon's rule that the great saints never claimed miraculous power for themselves. He did indeed see the hand of God stretched forth to protect, or raised to punish, in the affairs of the world ; so did all serious men and women of the age he lived in. Roman Catholics, Anglicans, Lutherans, or Calvinists. But he never says in any of his numerous and excellent letters that he had the gift of tongues, or that when he preached in Portuguese to a crowd of Japanese or Malays who did not know that language they heard him in their own, and were converted by the ten thousand ; or that he turned hurricanes to calms by dipping his staff in the sea ; or that he raised the dead. When a friend who had heard how he had revived a corpse asked him for the truth of the story, he put his hands on the man's shoulders and laughed in his face. That he would have been profoundly happy if he could have felt sure that the Almighty had used him as an instrument of divine power is certain ; so again would any Roman Catholic, Anglican, Lutheran, or Calvinist of the age. But he never said that what he wished to be true was indeed the truth because of his desire.

The chief value of this negative argument is that it shows how widely Mr. Hannay misconceives the character of Xavier and the nature of sanctity. How a saint regards his own miracles is well conveyed by a story of St. Bernard that perhaps

escaped Gibbon's notice. It is recorded that one day he was rather troubled in mind at the miracles he had worked. At last he spoke to his companions: "How can it be," he asked, "that God should use such a man as I am to work these wonders? As a rule real miracles are worked by great saints; false miracles by hypocrites. Yet it seems to me I am neither the one nor the other." No one gave the obvious answer for fear of offending his modesty. All at once the answer to the riddle seemed to strike him: "I see," he said, "miracles are not a proof of sanctity. They are the means of gaining souls. God worked them not to glorify me, but for the edification of my neighbour. Therefore miracles and I have nothing in common."¹

Those are the sentiments not only of the Abbot of Clairvaux but of sanctity itself. That was why it was rather tactless of James de Borba to whom Mr. Hannay refers, to put so direct a question to Xavier. The reader may judge from the authentic version of the story appended in the footnote² whether Xavier really did laugh in the man's face or just smile and blush. In any case, James de Borba, "the man", who ought to know best, interpreted the incident very differently from Mr. Hannay. He was quite sure that Fr. Francis was evading the question, and that his protest was only a humble "Non nobis."

Further, such an interpretation is supported by the statement of Christopher Carvalho, fidalgo, in his deposition of 1556.³ "The Father," he said, "had worked many miracles among the heathen, but had desired and asked that those miracles should not be talked about" (*querya e rouguaua que se não pubrycasem*).

But is it really true that the saint makes no allusion whatever to his miracles? Not quite. There is a passage in one

¹ Vacandard—"Vie de Saint Bernard," vol. I., p. 232.

² Post paucos dies dixit magister Jacobus (i.e., Didacus de Borba) ipsi testi: interrogavi magistrum Franciscum de puerio suscitato modo quo mihi fuerat narratum, dicendo; Pater magister Franciscus, ad gloriam et laudem Dei (dicas) qualiter res se habuit circa puerum illum quem in promontorio Comorino suscitasti: Cui ille, *rubore perfusus*, amplexens *hilariter* dictum Patrem Jacobum dixit "Bone Deus! ego ne ut mortuum suscitarem? O me peccatorem! Afferebant quidam illi homines puerum illum; vivus tamen veniebat; ego vero, illum alloquutus, surgere jussi in nomine Dei, et ille se erexit; id autem populus admiratus est. Et dixit ipse testis (Cosimus Annez) dixisse sibi dictum magistrum Jacobum: non dubites P. Mtrum. Franciscum gratia Dei suscitasse illum puerum, qui mortuus afferebatur."—Processus Goanus, 1612, in "Monumenta Xaveriana" vol II., pp. 232-233.

³ "Monumenta Xaveriana," vol. II., p. 306.

of his "excellent" letters to St. Ignatius, written Jan. 15th, 1544, where he relates how great numbers of the sick and infirm asked him to heal them.¹ He tells us his procedure, a procedure that he always used. He would gather the children he had taught how to pray, and tell them to assemble the neighbours and everybody they could at the house of the invalid. Then they were to pray altogether encouraging the sick person to have faith and he would be cured. "And thus it happened," says the saint, "that through the faith of the neighbours, of those of the household and of the sick man himself, God granted many favours, bestowing bodily as well as spiritual health." (*y assi, á los enfermos, por la fee de los de casa, vezinos i suya propria, Dios nuestro Señor les haz/a muchas mercedes, dándoles salud corporal y espiritual.*) Only a prejudiced obliquity of judgment can miss seeing in this a saint's modest and almost involuntary admission of his miracles.

The argument then from Xavier's silence is not altogether founded on facts. But let us take it at its strongest, in a specific application chosen by Mr. Hannay—the gift of tongues. It was first used in this connection by a certain James Piceno,² who, as Benedict XIV. informs us, was vigorously refuted by Cardinal Gotti.³ A long time after, Mr. Dickson White,⁴ an American professor renewed it, and apparently critics are still to be found who accept it implicitly. The most favourable statement of it is that in the whole course of his letters from first to last, Xavier not only never alludes to any gift of tongues, but that he does not cease to describe the difficulties he experienced in learning the different languages of the various tribes with whom he lived: he reminds us how he strove to overcome these difficulties, sometimes managing to pick up just enough of the language to enable him to translate some simple prayers, sometimes engaging the help of others to teach him the very elements of the language, at other times employing interpreters. From such statements it is concluded that Xavier could not have had the gift of tongues. But what exactly does the argument prove? It proves accurately two things: first, that there were times when he was dependent

¹ Mon. Xav., vol. I., p. 284. Fr. Brou suggests another instance: (Saint François Xavier, vol. I., p. 194.) But it is scarcely conclusive.

² "De Servorum Dei Beatificatione et Beatorum Canonizatione," Lib III. Cap. 48, §9.

³ "De Vera Ecclesia," Lib. I., Cap. 2, §4, No. 44.

⁴ "A History of the Warfare of Science with Religion" (1896).

on his own industry, that he had no *permanent* gift of tongues ; secondly, that besides trusting in God, he used every human means available. No one wishes for a moment to maintain that Xavier was in the continual enjoyment of a gift that appears from the evidence to have been granted him only once or twice, at Travancore and Amanguci. Fr. Bouhours roundly asserts that he spoke Japanese fluently without having studied it at all,¹ which is a good instance of the principle that before exaggerating the truth, you must have a truth to exaggerate.

The second argument Mr. Hannay words as follows :

The life of this very genuine man has been wrapped in a cocoon of legend, not truly ancient and spontaneous, but of the edifying letter kind. Some told how he raised the dead—and how of so great a saint this must be believed. Besides, they insisted (*i.e.*, his brother Jesuits who wrote about him), we have the testimony, much of it given about sixty years after his death, in the process of canonization, of ancient natives of Gilolo and other remote spots, who had heard from their fathers, who had been told by a sailor, etc. Xavier could not do the most rational thing—make a very probable guess that a ship in which he was sailing to China had overshot her port, or that a vessel which had sailed, overloaded and notoriously rotten, from Cochin, had failed to reach Lisbon, without supplying an excuse for gushings of credulity. We are not told what exact words he used, but only what someone of goodwill, desirous of showing that he also knew of a miracle, was prepared to affirm that a credible witness had recorded that it was commonly reported that, and so on . . .

In other words the evidence for the miracles in the "*Processus de vita et virtutibus et miraculis Sancti Francisci Xaverii*" has only the reliability of hearsay evidence. One gladly concedes that the testimonies recorded are by no means infallible. It is human testimony and as such liable to exaggeration and inaccuracy and all the treacheries of reminiscence. Even a Jesuit, Fr. Valignani, counselled caution when Ribadeneira in his life of St. Ignatius,² placed too ready a reliance

¹ Dryden's Translation, p. 460. Fr. Bouhours had forgotten what he had written on p. 415.

² *Scripta de S. Ignatio*. "*Mon. Ignatiana*," vol. I., pp. 741-4.

on every word that was said. He referred him instead to what he himself had written on the subject of Xavier's miracles in his *Historia Indica*.¹ It is of considerable interest and importance to know what he wrote there for not only does his censure of Ribadeneira establish his critical sanity, but he had every advantage for its exercise in this instance, in that he had personal knowledge of some of the witnesses (con algunos de los quales yo hablo). These witnesses were, as he tells us, people still living who had seen and heard what they reported. It is significant, therefore, that in the course of his *Historia* he relates certain miracles of Xavier with full confidence. He does not reject all because he doubted some. He has more discrimination.

Mr. Hannay limits his remarks to evidence given about sixty years after the saint's death. That is surely misleading, when much of it was given fifty-five years before. It is all published in the second volume of the *Monumenta Xaveriana* where one may quite easily ascertain that though many witnesses merely report what they have credibly heard, not a few speak from their own experience of the character and actions of Fr. Francis. If several relate on someone else's authority an event that happened when the saint was sailing from Japan to China, a soldier who was on board at the time and the owner of the ship himself also come forward and describe the event as they saw it with their own eyes.² It may or may not have been a miracle. But the evidence is amply sufficient to establish the incident. You cannot say it is not a miracle precisely because the observation of the facts is wholly untrustworthy. One is reluctantly brought to suspect that Mr. Hannay's estimation of the evidence as hearsay is itself not first hand evidence derived from an examination of the actual text, but partakes of his own condemnations.

Mr. Hannay's other argument arouses rather more interest and may be treated less polemically. It is by way of an explanation of the growth of the legends about the saint. "The authors of the first lives," he says, "the editors of the first published letters, were his brother Jesuits. I impute no dishonesty to them. It was natural, honourable if you

¹ *Mon. Xav.*, vol. I., p. 198.

² Cp. *Processus Goanus* (1556) *Testes* 31, 33. *Processus Cocinensis* (1557) *Testis* 2.

like, that they should wish to advance his glory, and that of the Company, by presenting him as a wonder of orthodox piety, an instrument employed by God for the working of miracles. Therefore the life of this very genuine man has been wrapped as in a cocoon of legend. . . ."

One gladly agrees that the truth about Xavier has been most regrettably inflated. It is a pity, for the process has not only obscured the world's memory of the man, it has diminished the idea of his holiness. A cynic might have been induced to think that Xavier had a rather interesting time full of daily novelty, and a simple soul to remark that God saved him a lot of trouble, forgetting the dim and difficult hours spent in grubbing up languages, and caring for the sick who would not be cured. The biography that set out to edify in time defeated its own purpose. In some cases, as in Mr. Hannay's for instance, it has not only diminished the idea of his holiness, it has provoked him to ignore the very notion of it.

One is prepared to grant a good deal in this matter of legendary accretion. Mr. Hannay lays the blame on Xavier's brother Jesuits. I would like to suggest an extenuation of their responsibility, to submit that it was as much the fault of the century as of the Jesuits that couldn't help living in it. For together with its worship of style, its ambition to rival the polish of the classical literatures that degenerated into the false taste of Gongorism, went a certain lack of the critical or historical sense that we, from our very different standpoint, cannot understand without an effort. Hamlet in plus-fours is regarded as the latest eccentricity of the faddists. But it would have been as much in order to the Elizabethan mind as Julius Cæsar in a doublet or Cleopatra in a farthingale—spectacles that presented no incongruities whatever to the eyes of our forefathers. So modern a thing is the historical and critical sense.

History was not then the specialized and exact science we know to-day. It was a department of literature. The enthusiastic mentality of the Portuguese especially was not interested in the accurate presentation of facts, in methodical enquiry or argued judgments. Even while the rest of Europe was beginning to lay the foundations of scientific method Portugal remained satisfied with the manner of such typical historians as Brito or Luis de Souza, both of whom drew as

much on fancy as on documents. Is it strange that the lives of the saints should have been treated in a way that not even the history of Portugal itself had escaped? Indeed, St. Francis came off lightly when compared with the misfortunes of Joseph' Anchieta.

Not that there was any lack of regard for history. On the contrary it was regarded as the worthiest of subjects that prose might handle. Its supreme dignity as a subject called for all the ministries of style. Vieira complained that Vasconcellos' History of Brazil was unworthy: "History," he said, "demands the very loftiest style." And Telles, who wrote the history of Prester John in Ethiopia with the same gravity as the history of the Jesuits in Portugal, made much the same complaint of the calmer and more critical Franco. Such men as these, Telles, Souza, Lucena, Barros, the representative historians and biographers of their time, took up their pens as if they were about to write epics. Invariably there was the preliminary invocation of style, not to mention the lyrical note that intoned and sustained the prolixity of the very title. To judge them from the rigour of our modern point of view is to find fault with them for not belonging to the twentieth century. To excuse them for the reasons Mr. Hannay offers is to tell only half the truth.

Considering the conditions of the time, the remarkable thing is that the Jesuits were so level-headed. It has even been urged against the miracles of Xavier that the letters of his Jesuit confrères in the missions make *no* allusion to his wonder working. It would be a formidable argument if it were true, but though it is quite false, it nevertheless shows that there were Jesuit writers to whom we can look for less impassioned and more accurate statements. It was a Jesuit who said of Pinto's claim to have been one of the discoverers of the isles of Japan: "That is untrue as are many other things in his book which he seems to have written for purposes of recreation rather than of truth." It was a fellow Jesuit and companion of Xavier who, commenting on a miracle of resurrection that the saint was supposed to have worked, said: "All is possible with a sanctity like Xavier's, but on careful examination the report is doubtful."¹ The critical moderation of Valignani has already been noticed, and many other examples could be adduced, sufficient to show that

¹ Brou., *op. cit.*, vol. I., p. 274.

the authenticity of Xavier's miracles rests on no unstable foundations ; that if the accounts of such writers as Lucena and Bouhours is largely flourish in the manner of the time, it is a flourish about a fact. All this is very different from what Mr. Hannay would have us believe. His censure of the Jesuit writers and editors is, to say the least, indiscriminating. He particularly censures as uncritical "the authors of the first lives." One feels sure that he would not have done so, if he had known that the author of the very first life was Fr. Valignani himself of the Society of Jesus.

But it is amply clear that Mr. Hannay has not verified his facts. Most of his conclusions are invalidated by substantial inaccuracies. Moreover, his interpretations of facts are distorted by a persistent point of view that amounts to an all but categorical rejection of the very rationale of Xavier's conduct, the supernatural. That, I suggest, is why his appreciation of Francis Xavier turns out to be a depreciation. We acquit him of insincerity as generously as he acquits the Jesuits who invented the legends. But by his own implications there is no incompatibility in using his own words to frame the question : Has he "never said that what he wished to be true was indeed the truth because of his desire ?"

VINCENT WILKIN.

HENRI MASSIS AND RIGHT CANONS OF CRITICISM

ONE cannot help feeling that English journalists who write superficially about the failure of the French in finance would be better employed in giving a little attention to a field of human activity in which France has much to teach us. I refer to the criticism of life and letters. We have no lack here of able critics, and—in spite of the generalizations which are repeated parrot fashion on all hands—wit is probably as common in the pages of our current criticism as in that of our neighbours. It is not in mere verbal dexterity and smartness that the French excel us, but in a firmer grasp of the basic principle of all criticism, that the individual and temporal must be studied against a background of the eternal and universal. In other words, you cannot criticize without canons of criticism. To judge anything you must have a philosophy.

It is natural to Catholics to feel keenly a defect in modern English letters of which even the ablest of our Protestant contemporaries in this country seem to be barely conscious. If we have any hold at all upon the faith and tradition into which we have been born or admitted, we shall incline naturally in making our way through the too prolific mass of contemporary writing, to look for general tendencies and common characteristics, to seek out origins. That is where criticism begins. It is, of course, open to anyone to say that he likes a chaos and that he prefers to take every sensation that each new writer can give him without bothering his head about co-ordination or analysis. Very good; he dislikes criticism. He has abdicated the office of the critic. It is with the reduction of chaos to order that criticism begins, and they order, say I, this matter better in France.

Unfortunately, the habit of misunderstanding France is widespread and deep-seated among us. The French novel remains "improper" to thousands of eager readers of the flood of English eroticism with which the circulating libraries contribute to the prevailing hysteria of our times, though I make bold to say that the general run of contemporary French novels are cleaner and more moral than those produced in this country. Ranging from Zola to Anatole France, the great and powerful mass of the semi-educated in our midst have made a cultus of

those who represent the least wholesome strain in French writing. If we turn from the multitude which relies upon English translations and speaks with an assurance commensurate with its ignorance, and give our attention to those journalists who treat French literature at first hand in the critical journals, matters are very little better. What is contemporary France to them? Only *La Nouvelle Revue Française* and the school for which it stands, the diseased cosmopolitanism of Paul Morand and so on. There is scarcely an echo amongst us of critical voices more truly French than these and better founded in the Latin tradition.

Henri Massis is well worthy of the study of Catholics precisely because in him those false tendencies, which too easily gain currency here as the contribution *par excellence* of the France of to-day to the intellectual problems of our time, find their most penetrating analyst, their most remorseless antagonist.

In two volumes of *Jugements* he has taken a number of French writers from Renan down to Georges Duhamel and criticized their work in the light of principles which hold for all time and are as valid in their application to the stars of our own literary firmament as to the objects to which they are actually applied. The purpose of this article is to indicate very briefly some of those principles.

To begin with, Henri Massis, like Jacques Maritain and Charles Maurras, to whom his two volumes are dedicated, stands for the revolt against the anti-intellectual tendencies of our time. This is fundamental, and Massis is as severe upon the evil when he finds it in a friendly writer like Maurice Barrès as when it appears in an open enemy like André Gide. Reason is out of fashion among what we inconsistently call, in this country, the intellectuals. The philosophy of Bergson expresses in its most definite form the modern desire to get beyond intellect and the clear-cut, and to explain life in terms of instinct and the vague and imprecise. Massis and Maritain are, of course, only echoing Pope Leo XIII. when they say that the root of our modern intellectual disease is to be sought in metaphysics. It is close upon half a century since the encyclical *Aeterni Patris* called the faithful back from the chaos of the modern philosophies to the sound principles of St. Thomas Aquinas and the schoolmen. All that has happened since has served to throw into strong relief the inspiration of that message. When the modern mind sought to dispense with

reason in its own legitimate sphere and substituted the concept of "becoming" for that of "being," it did not so much adopt a new philosophy as make all philosophy impossible. The philosophical problem properly so-called has been merged in psychology. Our gaze has been directed inward instead of outward. We must get this basic fact clearly in our minds if we are to understand what Massis means when he dedicates one of his volumes to Jacques Maritain as "un témoignage de notre commun espoir en la restauration métaphysique."

The most natural and obvious expression of this flight from reason, this exaggerated subjectivity, is what is known as the gospel of humanity. Few of those who had reached adolescence about the opening of the present century escaped this infection; that is, if they were intellectually unvaccinated, or, in other words, brought up outside the Catholic tradition. The present writer remembers the thrill, almost as intense as that of religious conversion, with which he encountered this doctrine in the intoxicating music of Swinburne's "Hymn of Man." No pietist ever repeated the texts of sacred scripture with more internal satisfaction than that with which some of us repeated to each other the lines from "On the Downs":—

In the ear of man, the mother saith :
"There is no god, O son,
If thou be none."

It was not the least of the evils of this *égarement* that, being essentially religious, it attached itself naturally to the words and phrases consecrated by centuries of religious thought. We talked of God and the soul, of grace, of altars and of sacraments, and there was not one of these words that we used in its right and proper meaning. Now, this "gospel of humanity" has so permeated modern thought that it is precisely our "religious" writers who have become most dangerous. The war undoubtedly quickened in some sensitive souls the religious instinct. It appealed very strongly to those emotions of pity and compassion which represent the human contribution to Christian charity. An analysis of the religion of pity is clearly demanded in our times, and Massis has supplied it in his essay on "Georges Duhamel ou le règne du cœur." He shows us this sincere and able writer offering us words which have been deprived of their proper content, "un verseur d'illusions verbales." And the disease which takes this form in Duhamel the compassionate is the same which finds another expression in André Gide, the cynic, the demoniac. It is the disease of

egocentricism. Massis puts the root of the matter very firmly :—

Voyez plutôt comme la religion évite de conseiller directement les fins intérieures ; avant de parler de vertus, elle parle de Dieu, et ce détour en dit long sur la psychologie admirablement sûre du catholicisme.

If we are less *doctrinaire* than the French, the philosophical errors behind what is most characteristic in contemporary literature are none the less there for being less explicit. The starting point of any sound criticism is that we should ask what is the end the author has proposed for himself, what is his standard of values. We must go on from that to ask whether his end is the true end, his values correct ones. In a French writer we shall generally find our material ready to hand ; in an English one we are likely to have to arrive at it inferentially. You will not need to read many book reviews or criticisms of the drama to find that the key-word to the prevailing attitude is the word "sincerity." It is demanded of a writer that he shall be sincere, that he shall express himself. But that is to misconceive the heart of the matter. The words of Massis here are golden, and I do not know of any message which more thoroughly deserves to be exposed in every place where people write and venture upon criticism. "To be *sincere* is not, as is said, and as we pretend to believe, the first duty of the artist. His first concern must be to be *true*."

To the hasty reader, it will seem that the antithesis here suggested is not real. Is not a sincere work of art a true one ? Examine the idea carefully and you will see that you are led back again to the fundamental question, which is whether your gaze is outward or inward. Contemporary literature with its craze for self-revelation, its demand for perfect sincerity, means the casting aside of all that moral restraint, that intellectual discipline—in short, that effort of civilization—which man has laboriously achieved under the impulse of the idea that there is something outside himself to which he must conform. The new psychology has given us an uninviting picture of the strange jungle that is the unconscious life of man. Not that it is really new, of course, since St. Augustine knew it well, and the psalmist before him. The civilized man, in becoming civilized, has suppressed a part of his nature ; of various tendencies he has accepted some and denied others.

Now the central dogma of the school we are here combating is that we must not deny any part of ourselves ; there must be integral self-expression. Instead of seeking to remove chaos,

to solve contradictions, the representation of the chaos and the contradictions becomes a virtue, since it represents the most complete sincerity. Hence the attraction of adolescence for a certain school of novelists. We are far removed here from the classical conception of the good man—who is also the strong man—struggling with adversity. We have rather the weak man parading his weakness and glorying in his shame.

Mr. Hutchinson's "If Winter Comes" could not, I suppose, have been taken seriously in France because no writer would be allowed to play such extraordinary tricks with the French language as Mr. Hutchinson does with ours. Massis reminds us that those Frenchmen who have followed William James have done so "rejetant . . . les éléments grossiers, spécifiquement américains, si je le puis dire, qui rendent la vulgarité de ton d'un W. James par trop insupportable à des oreilles latines." What applies here to James applies *a fortiori* to Hutchinson, but in its own poor way "If Winter Comes" does represent this central vice of subjectivist literature. The neurotic "hero" of that book, with his hopeless confusion of moral values, represents, according to no less eminent an authority than the Countess of Oxford, what we would all like in our hearts to be! This is the doctrine of the Inner Light carried to its natural conclusion. "If Winter Comes" is the Protestant novel *par excellence*. Follow poor Mark Sabre in his neurasthenic stagger through interminable pages of murdered English, and then read Henri Massis, commenting on a far abler writer:—

Ainsi le monde est effacé, les êtres humains se sont évanouis parmi les ombres, toute réalité est sans forme et sans substance ; un homme seul marche à travers les fantômes de ses cauchemars spirituels, ne croyant à rien d'autre qu' à lui-même, à son propre cœur et à ce cri qui s'échappe de sa gorge.

The disease is not peculiar, then, to France. Run through the lists of our circulating libraries and you will find the most read authors acting almost with one accord under the influence of this false dogma that there must be complete self-expression and that it is a sin to deny any part of our own personality. To this plea, Massis replies insistently: "Be a man, choose!" Choice means selection, rejection, voluntary limitation.

But neither France nor England is the real home of this egomaniac literature. Wherever it appears in the West it is

an excrescence. Its true home is in the East and primarily in Russia. Nothing in the two volumes of *Jugements* will better repay reading than the chapter in which Massis deals with André Gide's acknowledgment of his debt to Dostoevsky. In a recent lecture at the "Institut Français" in London, Massis developed his views on East and West, and the first part of a translation appears in the April number of *The New Criterion*. This should be read by all who have not yet realized what havoc the fashionable cultivation of oriental mysticism is working upon the Western mind. Without a generation of undigested, because indigestible, Russian novels and plays, an abortion like "If Winter Comes" would not have been possible.

The Russian people, says Massis, have made almost no contribution to general civilization. We must not forget that Russia is scarcely five centuries removed from the invasion of the barbarians, while it is fourteen hundred years since the rest of Europe underwent the same crisis; a civilization that is older by a thousand years sets an immeasurable distance between the manners and customs of nations. This fundamental difference is the chief thing that isolates the Russian people, places them in a region of emptiness and separates them from the historical experience of the rest of humanity.

Modern medicine has come to study infective disease under two aspects, that of the external enemy—the disease germ—and that of the resisting powers of the organism. If we examine the critique of Henri Massis in the light of this analogy we shall find him arguing that western civilization is attacked by a disease germ from the Orient, and that the element of danger lies in the enfeebled condition of our resistant forces. For the causes of that enfeeblement we must go back to the so-called Reformation, which, besides breaking up the unity of Christendom, established as its most characteristic dogma a false doctrine of subjectivism and "inner light." In Henri Massis the Catholic critical culture of our day finds its most brilliant and satisfying exponent.

REGINALD J. DINGLE.

A GLOUCESTERSHIRE PRIORY

AMONG the papers¹ of the first Viscount Scudamore, one of the most prominent supporters of Charles I. in the West Country during the Civil War, there is frequent mention made of his house, Llanthony, near Gloucester, or, as he more frequently spells it, Lanthony; and there exist in his handwriting letters that give a most minute description of the damage done to this house, and to his other properties by the victorious Parliamentarians. Lord Scudamore had been taken prisoner by Sir Wm. Waller at the capture of Hereford in 1643, and his goods sequestered, but his seat Llanthony was plundered from garret to cellar, and even his wife's garments stolen. All this is very remote from present day affairs, yet the name Llanthony has a familiar ring to most people who are at all acquainted with matters connected with the Church in England in recent years, a familiarity due to the well-known monastery of that name built by the famous "Father Ignatius" (Joseph Leycester Lyne) in the Welsh Mountains in 1869. The question occurred to the present writer: "How, then, did this seventeenth century house come to bear this same name?", and though most of his readers could probably well answer that question yet the story revealed by his resulting researches is less well known and of sufficient interest to be here told.

The story starts in a remote part of the Welsh Mountains in the time of William II., where, in the sixth century, St. David had built himself a rude hermitage, which since his death had been left a decayed ruin. Hither, led on by the excitement of the chase, came a hunting party one day consisting of Hugh de Lacy, the Lord of Ewias Lacy, and his followers, amongst them being his kinsman and retainer, William. This William was at once impressed by the wild beauty and solitude of the spot, as well as by its holy associations, and, being of a thoughtful turn of mind, immediately realized what an ideal situation it would be for a hermitage, and there and then determined to renounce the world and spend his life serving God in this lonely place. Here, then, he established himself, but it was not very long before the fame of his sanctuary spread abroad and not a few came to avail themselves of his spiritual direction, amongst them no less

¹ Scudamore MSS. at Belmont Abbey, Hereford.

a personage than Ernesi, the Confessor of Queen Maud.¹ Arriving at Llanthony, as the place was called, in the year 1103, he was so impressed that he remained as a companion of the holy hermit, and in 1108 even had a small church erected there which was consecrated, as Rudder² tells us, by Urban, Bishop of Llandaff, and Rameline, Bishop of Hereford. Thereupon Hugh de Lacy, who had not lost interest in his kinsman, offered to endow the church, an offer which was at first refused but eventually accepted (probably due to the persuasions of Ernesi), and the result was that William had also to give way to his companion to the extent of allowing a large Abbey to be built and a Community to be received, a project that had the blessing of St. Anselm (at that time Archbishop of Canterbury). The church was dedicated to St. John the Baptist, the patron and model of hermits, "whose patronage," a later monk of Llanthony tells us in his chronicle,³ "was thought most proper for that wilderness, where his due fame will be celebrated to all ages." The same chronicler tells us that Hugh de Lacy, who was always looked upon as the founder of the monastery, was himself a man of great piety and good works, and that his brother was a professed monk of the great Benedictine Abbey of St. Peter,⁴ at Gloucester, while his nephew was a Knight Templar. Notwithstanding this connection of their founder with the older Orders, the writer goes on to say rather frankly that "they chose not the Black Monks, lest they should be censured to affect superfluities, which was entirely against their inclinations, nor the Cistercians, because they lived singly, and held no conversation with other religious men, and notwithstanding were solicitous to increase riches." Eventually they chose the Canons Regular of St. Augustine because they were satisfied with little, and moreover "their habit was decent." Accordingly, with the help of St. Anselm, they procured some forty Canons from Merton, Holy Trinity (London), and Colchester, and community life was started, Ernesi, rather surprisingly (in view of the fact that there were forty experienced Canons to choose from) being elected Superior.

The new Community led a most austere life, and testimony to their good repute is to be found in the fact that their

¹ Wife of Henry I.

² "A New History of Gloucestershire," 1779.

³ See Atkyns: "The Ancient and Present State of Glo'ster," 1768.

⁴ See Note 4, p. 60.

second Prior, Robert de Betun,¹ was consecrated Bishop of Hereford, while not long after there entered as a monk no less a personage than Walter of Gloucester, who was the father of Milo, Earl of Hereford and High Constable of England.² But we must hasten on. The outbreak of civil war at the beginning of Stephen's reign made life almost impossible at Llanthony, for the neighbourhood was the constant scene of bloodshed and pillage, and the monks, in distress, appealed to the Bishop of Hereford, their former Prior, for protection, with the result that he invited them to his palace and established them therein, assigning to them ample revenues, until he should be able to find them a permanent home in a safer district. Some refused to leave their old monastery, and an ancient historian with great charity justifies both sections of the Community, saying that "both sides had good authority for their actions: it is said of them in Holy Scripture, 'Possess your souls in peace': it is said for the others, 'When you are persecuted in one city, fly to another.'"

After two years the Bishop of Hereford succeeded in persuading the Earl of Hereford to grant the monks land on the banks of the Severn at Hyde, near Gloucester, where they might dwell till it was safe for them to return to their Welsh fastnesses. The Earl only stipulated³ that when they went they should leave thirteen monks at Hyde to maintain the new Priory, and the monks, on their part, agreed that these thirteen should be "very discreet and reputable, of which he should have no cause to complain." On this site there was erected with astonishing celerity an imposing Priory and church which was dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin, and called Llanthony, after their old home. The church was consecrated by Simon, Bishop of Worcester, and Robert, Bishop of Hereford (their former Prior).⁴ Fosbrooke,⁵ Dugdale,⁶ Rudder,⁷ etc., all agree that this consecra-

¹ Does this mean "de Bethune" (Artois)? He was a man of great sanctity, and his memory was kept in the Roman Kalendar on May 24th.

² Ancestor of the de Bohun family.

³ Sir Robert Atkyns, *op. cit.*

⁴ It is interesting to note that the Abbot at the time of the neighbouring great Abbey of Gloucester was Walter de Lacy, the already-mentioned brother of the founder of Llanthony. His successor was the famous Gilbert Foliot, afterwards Bishop of Hereford, and later still Bishop of London. Sir Robert Atkyns, in his "State of Gloucestershire," says that Foliot was the first bishop who was translated from one bishopric to another in this kingdom. He was, of course, excommunicated for his continued opposition to St. Thomas of Canterbury.

⁵ "An Original History of the City of Gloucester," 1819.

⁶ *Monasticon*.

⁷ *Op. cit.*

tion took place in 1136, in which case it is hard to see how the disturbances that had driven them out could have happened "after the death of Henry I.", as one authority assures us, for that would, of course, place them in 1135 at the earliest, and leaves no time for the two years spent in the Bishop's palace at Hereford, as well as the time taken in erecting the buildings. In any case the monastery and church must have been built with remarkable rapidity, and with a promptness that would be a credit to our modern builders.

The Canons soon found their new life in the rich pastures and civilized surroundings of the Severn Valley very different from that which they had led in the barren Welsh hills, and it was but natural that they should look with little favour on the prospect of returning to their old home. In consequence the state of the Mother House soon began to decline, while her daughter rapidly advanced in possessions and popularity. The monastic chronicler to whom we have already alluded bitterly laments this state of affairs (he writes, apparently, about the year 1180, for the last event he records is the death of Clement, the third Prior, which would appear to have taken place in 1178). He grieved over the neglect of their old home and roundly upbraids his brethren for their love of ease. "When the storms were blown over," he writes, "and peace was restored to Church and State and everyone might go about his own business, then did the sons of the Church of Llanthony at Gloucester tear up the bounds of their Mother Church and refuse to serve God there, as their duty required. For they used to say there was much difference between the City of Gloucester and the wild rocks of Hatyrel; between the river Severn and the brook of Hodeni (which flowed by their old monastery); between the wealthy English and the beggarly Welsh. There fertile meadows; here (in Wales) barren heath; therefore elated with the luxuries of their new situation and weary of this, they declaimed against it as a place unfit for a reasonable creature, much less for the Religious. I have heard it affirmed, and I partly believe it, that some of them should say in their light discourse (I wish it did not proceed from the rancours of their hearts), that they wished every stone of this ancient foundation were a stout hare. Others have sacrilegiously said that they wished the church and all its offices were swallowed in the bottom of the sea. . . And because it would be a most shameful thing that so ancient a monastery . . should have no religious persons residing (in it), therefore they send hither

their old, their weak and useless members, who could be neither profitable to themselves nor others, who might say with the Apostle 'We are made the scum and outcast of the brethren.' They permitted the monastery to be reduced to that poverty that they had no surplices, sometimes they had no breeches, and could not with decency come to church; sometimes one day's bread must serve for two, whilst they at Gloucester enjoyed superfluities. Our remonstrances either excited their anger or ridicule, . . . if these complaints were repeated, they replied, 'Who would go and sing to the wolves?' They even make sport, and when any person was sent hither would ask, 'What fault has he committed? Why is he sent to prison?'" And the chronicler goes on to relate how the monks of the new Llanthony despoiled the old, removing vestments and plate, and even the heavy bells on carts to Gloucester. We can understand the grief of the old monk, and perhaps the strictures of the satirical Giraldus Cambrensis are for once not without justification. He calls the old Llanthony "a spot truly fitted for contemplation, a happy and delightful spot, fully competent from its first establishment to supply all its own wants, had not the extravagance of English luxury at Gloucester, the pride of a sumptuous table, the increasing growth of intemperance and ingratitude . . . reduced it from freedom to servility; and if the step-daughter, no less enviously than odiously, had not supplanted her mother."¹

It is but fair to say, however, that Giraldus was bitterly aggrieved with the Priory, for the then Prior, Geoffrey,² had been appointed to the See of St. David's, although Giraldus himself had been elected to it. Despite five years of litigation the historian failed to secure his See and in consequence loaded the Priory with obloquy, in the course of which he gives us the interesting information that the new Llanthony was worth 500 marks per annum, whereas St. David's was only endowed with 20 marks. Before passing on it is noteworthy that in 1301, during the Easter celebrations, the very tall Paschal Candle there employed actually set alight to the roof of the church, with the result that four bell towers with their bells were destroyed, a fact that illustrates the custom then prevalent of not placing all the bells in one tower as at present done. The only other incident of note previous

¹ Arch. Cambren.

² Geoffrey of Bristol was originally brought to the Priory as a layman for his skill with medicinal herbs, later joined the Community, and eventually became Prior.

to the Dissolution was the Charter issued by Edward IV. in the twenty-first year of his reign (1481), by which the accusation of Giraldus (made nearly 200 years previously) was fully justified, for by it the new Llanthony was officially made the Mother House and the old Priory became a mere cell. The Charter is to be found in Dugdale and elsewhere. During the reign of this same king, Llanthony was ruled by a notable man, Henry Dean, who was made Bishop of Bangor, and later became Archbishop of Canterbury,¹ the last but one of the Catholic hierarchy to hold that See before the "Reformation." He had previously also held the Bishopric of Salisbury and was made Lord Chancellor of England.

Such is the story of this Gloucestershire Priory up to the time of the great cataclysm of the sixteenth century, when it was the first of the larger monasteries to be surrendered, though the authorities vary as to the date, some placing it at May 10, 1537, but most, with Dugdale, stating that it took place on the same day in 1539, which is almost certainly correct. The Prior, Richard Hempsted (or Hart), and twenty-one monks had already subscribed to the Royal Supremacy on September 2, 1534, and at the Dissolution the Monastery was valued at £748 19s. 11½d., a very large sum for those days. Gibson,² by the way, misquotes Dugdale as giving the value at £648, and tells us that of the church not one stone was left on another.

Throughout its life of four hundred years the great family of the de Bohuns, Earls of Hereford and Lords of Brecknock, were its chief patrons, and many members of that illustrious house are buried in the Priory. At the accession of Queen Mary in 1553 we find thirteen members of the old Community still surviving, and these appear to have been in receipt of annuities varying in amount from £8 to £4. In 1540 the whole house and site had been granted to one Arthur Porter for the sum of £723 16s. 8d., but his grandson³ dying without any sons the estate devolved upon his daughter, Elizabeth, who married the first Viscount Scudamore,⁴ mention of whom was made at the beginning of this article, and who thus brought Llanthony House into the Scudamore family. This Elizabeth is the lady who suffered

¹ 1501-1502. He was noted for his zeal in building and much restored Bangor Cathedral. He succeeded Cardinal Morton, of "Morton's fork" fame, but was never installed, as he died unexpectedly.

² "A View of the Churches of Door, Holm Lacy and Hempsted," 1727.

³ Sir Arthur Porter.

⁴ Of Holm Lacy, Herefordshire.

so many afflictions for the Royalist cause during the Civil War,¹ and Lord Scudamore relates in his private papers how on one occasion she had had to escape by a night ride behind a man on horseback. And so we have followed up our story to the point from which we had started to work back, and when the Civil War broke out Lord Scudamore was thus found in possession of this one time Augustinian Priory. During this war it is interesting to find that Llanthony was used as an artillery emplacement (as we should now say) for some of the guns that were firing on Gloucester during the famous siege of that city by the Royalists. Let us add a note quoted in the "*Bibliotheca Gloucestrensis*" of 1825 as an extract from Archdeacon Furney's MS. Collection in the Bodleian Library. It is dated July 24, 1717, and runs as follows: "One Thomas, called 'Welch Thomas,' told me that he came with twelve more boys out of the town of Carmarthen, when he was but sixteen or seventeen years old, to besiege Gloucester: that Captain Morgan was his captain; and that he lay at Newark, which was the place of rendezvous, and that before the siege the great part of Llanthony Priory was standing: that it was built in the same manner as the cloisters of the Cathedral. It was at least two stories high covered with lead on the top: on one side was a chapel: that the Priory was defended by gates: that a great number of French Papists lived in it. . . . The building of the Priory stood nearer Littleworth than the present dwelling-house does. The Grey Friars was much battered by the siege in August, 1643; some of the buildings stood upon or near where the bowling green now is. The Welsh forces, brought from Highnam,² whereof he was one, were at least 1,500; the soldiers then taken reached by two and two in rank from Highnam almost to Gloucester: that they were locked up in St. Mary de Load and Trinity Churches, with a very strong guard over them. . . . that they were forced to be glad with turnip tops, cabbage leaves, and any such thing that they could get. . . . Those that promised to fight for the parliament against the king were soon set at liberty."

The church at Hempsted, the parish in which Llanthony stands, being destitute in the matter of tithes and almost without means of support, Lord Scudamore applied to it all tithes he derived from his estates in the parish, and through-

¹ Scudamore MSS.

² The troops of Lord Herbert, son of the Earl of Worcester, who commanded the Royalists in Hereford and Monmouth, had been defeated by Sir Wm. Waller at Highnam and most of them surrendered.

out his life acted in an extremely generous manner towards numerous churches in the neighbourhood, even charging on himself the arrears that had accumulated during the period in which his goods had been held in sequestration by the Parliament, so that it is little wonder that a later rector had engraved over the door of his parsonage

Who'ere doth dwell within this door
Thank God for Viscount Scudamore,

lines which do credit to his sense of gratitude however little they augment his literary reputation! Before leaving this nobleman let us pay him the tribute accorded him by Gibson,¹ one of the subsequent rectors who benefited by his generosity. "To have a dark Veil drawn over all the good Deeds that a man hath done," he writes, "is, methinks, a Damp, and Dejection to a generous mind; to be recorded to Posterity, being a desirable, as well as just reward of Piety and Virtue. And Tho' this noble Lord hath never yet met with that Recompence, in any suitable degree . . . nor may this poor Attempt of mine to retrieve and perpetuate the Memory of his great Benefactions, fully answer its Design; yet am I the less concerned at it: Because I doubt not but above all his other pious Works, 'God will remember him concerning this, and not wipe out the good Deeds that he hath done for the House of God.' (Nehem. xiii. 14.)"

And so let us leave this Priory by the pleasant waters of the Severn, and in conclusion give a glance at the old Mother House in the remote mountains from which it had sprung, and which it had treated so hardly. The old Monastery was granted at the Dissolution to Sir Nicholas Arnold,² Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, but was allowed to fall into ruin, though in 1777 the eastern front was still standing. Freeman,³ the historian, visited the ruins in 1855 and was charmed with them. "I will not enlarge on its wonderful situation," he wrote, "further than to place on record . . . my own feelings of admiration as I first approached it on a September evening, winding my way along the utterly unknown valley, till the dark mass of ruins burst on me, with the full light of the moon streaming through its shattered windows and bringing it into still more perfect harmony with the scene around. Tintern is nothing to Llanthony." In

¹ *Op. cit.*

² Fosbrooke, *op. cit.*

³ The passage quoted well illustrates that picturesqueness of style which is the great feature of this historian's work.

the early part of the nineteenth century the property came into the possession of the poet Walter Savage Landor, who built himself a house there, and it remains in the possession of his descendants.

The story would be incomplete were no mention here made of the Anglican monastery founded at Llanthony (four miles above the old Abbey) by "Father Ignatius," the famous Anglican "Benedictine" monk, in 1869. The facts of this man's extraordinary career, though well-known to some, are shrouded in mystery for many, and it may not be out of place to mention some of them here as an appendage to our story. For the details here given I am chiefly indebted to Mr. Richard Baker-Gabb's "*Hills and Vales of the Black Mountain District*."

Joseph Leycester Lyne was born in 1837, and was a cousin of the famous Broad Churchman, Dean Stanley, of Westminster. He first attracted attention in London by his work, on the most extreme "Ritualistic" lines, at St. Saviour's, where he first took to wearing the Benedictine habit (it was not known with what—if any—authority). After a short stay in Norwich he returned to London, but was suspended from preaching by Dr. Tait, at that time Bishop of London, and later Archbishop of Canterbury, one of the chief persecutors of the Ritualist Party. While at Norwich he had founded a Community run on Benedictine lines, and to this he now retired, but the following year, possibly owing to the increasing virulence of the attacks of the Low Church Party, led by the "Church Association,"¹ he migrated to the lonely Vale of Ewyas, a little distance above the ruins of old Llanthony, and there erected a new Monastery, which we may well call the third Llanthony. The year 1890 found him touring through the United States, where he made the acquaintance of Joseph Vilatte, well known as the leader of the old Catholics in America, who eight years later conferred the priesthood on him at Llanthony. Here Father Ignatius remained for the rest of his life, and here he died on October 22, 1908. He left the Monastery by will to two of his subjects, with the provision that should they be unable to carry on the work the premises were to pass to the Abbot of Buckfast. Shortly after his death financial difficulties arose and an appeal was made to the Abbot of Caldey, with the result that eventually the whole property was made over to Caldey. The resulting

¹ Of which Lord Shaftesbury was the leading spirit in the sixties and seventies of the last century.

lawsuit thereupon brought by Buckfast, and its failure,¹ is within the knowledge of all, and the property continues to this day in the possession of the monks of Caldey.

Mention should here be made of the famous "Apparition of Our Lady" at Llanthony, which, it is claimed, occurred on August 30, 1880, and was celebrated thereafter as one of the great Feasts of the Monastery. I quote Mr. Baker-Gabb's account:² "In the evening of that day about 8 o'clock and still light, although getting dusk, four boys were playing in the Abbot's field adjoining the Monastery, when one of them suddenly saw a bright, dazzling figure gliding across the meadow towards him. A halo of glory shone out from the figure all round in an oval shape. The form was of a woman with a veil hung over the head and face, the hands being raised as if in blessing. The boy called out to the other boys to look, and they all saw the form enter the hedge of the meadow, and after remaining there in the light for a few moments it passed through the bush and vanished. After that a careful watch was kept each evening about the same time by the inmates of the Monastery, and on the following Saturday the bush became all aglow with light, and the form again appeared. On the 8th September, the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, the vision was seen again, and once more on the 15th September. Such (very shortly) is the purport of the official statement published in August, 1881. The 'bush,' a holly, has been removed and a life-size marble statue of Our Lady of Llanthony has been erected on the spot."

It is sad to relate that the third Llanthony is going the way of its two predecessors and rapidly falling into ruin, a fate largely due to its almost inaccessible position. And now we conclude, having wandered a little from our original inquiry as to how a Royalist nobleman could be living in a "Llanthony House" in Gloucestershire, but the fate of our monasteries is always (or should be) a matter of interest to Catholics, and none the less so in these days of wonderful monastic revival when the old fanes of prayer are, as it were, coming to life again, changed slightly, it is true, as to situation, but sheltering within them the same life, the same hopes, and the same unending round of prayer and praise.

DOM BASIL WHELAN, O.S.B.

¹ Due to the insufficiency of the wording of the will.

² *Op. cit.*

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

SOME CATHOLIC JACOBITES 1745—6.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far off things,
And battles long ago.

IT may be interesting to recall some almost forgotten incidents in the history of the invasion of England by Prince Charles Edward Stuart and his forces in 1745, and which concerned his Catholic supporters.

Certain it is that few tears would have fallen had the Prince been successful in regaining the throne for his father, an exile in Rome, excepting, perhaps, from the eyes of the fat, Platt-Deutsch ladies at the English Court.

Lord Rosebery has given good reasons for the rising of the Clans in '45. "There had been the massacre of Glencoe. There had been the Union, profoundly distasteful to men half-proud, half-barbarous, but supremely independent. There had been the rising of 1715. There had been the Disarming Acts of 1716 and 1725. There had been the Malt Tax. They had no money, no industry : the Chiefs were at the head of a great number of half-starved, warlike dependants. Repose meant inanition. Movement might be fatal, but it might not ; and at any rate it would be exciting. Add to these lower motives the natural sympathy with the lonely, gallant young prince claiming his birthright with an appeal to their chivalry."

The Catholics in the Highlands had seen the religion of their forefathers trodden underfoot and almost utterly destroyed, and they now turned their hopes towards the Stuart Prince for relief from persecution in the practice of their ancient Faith, and even, perhaps, in some measure, hoping for the return of the Faith to their Glens and mountains and islands. Such were the inducements for Catholics to join Charles Edward's standard.

There was no doubt a good sprinkling of Catholics amongst the Clansmen, but, as in Wales, they had for nearly two centuries suffered religious starvation for want of Priests. Catholic districts notably were the Braes of Lochaber, Glengarry, Knoidart, Moidart, Arisaig, Morar and certain islands.

The first to draw blood in the Jacobite cause was a Catholic, Donald MacDonald (or MacDonell) of Tirmdrish (Tir-na-dris) in Lochaber, a cousin of Keppoch who was to fall heroically at Culloden. On the 16th August, 1745, with twelve Highlanders, eleven men

and one piper,¹ Major MacDonald, as he afterwards became, attacked from an ambush near Loch Lochy two companies of infantry marching to Fort William under Captain Scott; they were quickly thrown into confusion, some being wounded and all, with the assistance of Glengarry's men, captured, without loss to the Highlanders: a horse was also taken which Major MacDonald presented to the Prince for a charger three days later when the Royal Standard was hoisted at Glenfinnan, 19th August, 1745. Later, at the battle of Falkirk, on January 17th, 1746, Major MacDonald, who had served under his cousin Keppoch throughout the Campaign pressed too far forward in pursuit of the enemy and in the dusk came upon a strong party of Barrell's Regiment and was taken prisoner. He was tried at St. Margarets, July, 1746, and executed at Carlisle 18th October, 1746.

His dying speech begins, "I die an unworthy member of the Roman Catholic Church." His sword by Andrea Ferrara is, or was, at Corby Castle and from this brave man descends the family of Chichester of Calverleigh, Devon, their ancestor having married the daughter of Major MacDonald. He was the son of Ronald Mor of Tir-na-drís, second son of Archibald MacDonald of Keppoch, and so nephew to the famous "Coll of the Cows" who fought at Sheriffmuir and Killiecrankie.

With Major MacDonald died the Reverend Thomas Coppoch, a Protestant Clergyman, Francis Buchanan, of Arnprior and Donald MacDonald of Kinlochmoidart, Esquires.

A good deal of covert sympathy with the Stuart cause was to be found in Wales, where among notable passive adherents were the Duke of Beaufort, Sir Watkin Wynn, Sir Charles Kemys, Puleston of Emral, Lloyd of Penyllan, Davies of Gwysannau, and Hanmer of Hanmer, but none of these took up arms, and the only Englishmen or Welshmen of gentle birth known to us, who took an active part in the cause of the Stuarts were Francis Townley of Townley, William Vaughan of Courtfield, and David Morgan of the family of Coed-y-Gorres, Glamorgan. Other Englishmen enlisted in the Prince's army, but they were servants and camp followers of humble origin.

Francis Townley joined Prince Charles Edward at Preston, November 27th, 1745, and was appointed Colonel of the Manchester Regiment and afterwards Governor of Carlisle, but on the surrender of the town on the 30th December, he was captured and sent to London where he was tried and executed. He had the place of honour, being the first of his batch to die on Kennington Common, July 30th, 1746, when he was hung, drawn and quartered. His head was secretly removed from Temple Bar and restored to his family. Francis Townley was the fifth son of Richard Townley

¹ A Chief's piper was a person of considerable importance. He usually held his lands rent free, lived in a comfortable house and mixed not at all with the common people.

of Townley and was born in 1709. "Few families have been greater sufferers through their loyalty and faithful adherence to their religion than the Townleys."

During the early autumn of 1745, Mr. William Vaughan of Courtfield and Mr. David Morgan, Barrister-at-Law, with Edward Berry their servant, set out from Monmouthshire for Spetchley, ostensibly to shoot with Mr. Berkeley. After a short stay they went on to Mr. Fitz-Herbert at Swynnerton and from Swynnerton they rode to Preston where Mr. Vaughan joined the Prince's Life Guards which Lord Elcho commanded. This corps consisted of about one or two squadrons of gentlemen and their servants, not more than one hundred and fifty or sixty strong, their uniform was light blue with red facings. At the same time Mr. David Morgan was appointed counsellor to H.R.H., presumably on account of his legal knowledge. From Preston the army marched via Wigan, Manchester, Macclesfield, Leek and Ashburne to Derby.

At Derby, counsels were divided; the Prince and some of his staff were in favour of going into Wales, "but foremost and boldest among those who contended for a forward movement and counselled the advance upon London was David Morgan. When it had been decided to retreat northwards, and the retreat had already begun, Mr. Morgan, an English gentleman, came up to Mr. Vaughan, who was riding with the Life Guards, and after saluting him, said, 'D——n me, Vaughan, they are going to Scotland!' Mr. Vaughan replied, 'Wherever they go, I am determined, now I have joined them, to go along with them.' Upon which Mr. Morgan said, 'I had rather be hanged than go to Scotland to starve.' Mr. Morgan was hanged in 1746 and Mr. Vaughan is an officer in Spain."

David Morgan was captured near Stone in December, 1745, soon after leaving the Prince's army, taken to London and imprisoned in Newgate where he was visited by his devoted wife. He was tried and sentenced with seventeen other prisoners, including Francis Townley: in their barbarous sentence were the words, "They must be severally hanged by the neck, but not till they be dead, for they must be cut down alive."

From his dying speech it appears that David Morgan was a Protestant, but his maternal grandmother was Joan, daughter of Sir Edmund Stradling of St. Donat's Castle, an ancient Catholic family in Glamorgan.

William Vaughan escaped to Spain and entered the Spanish army; he was specially excluded from the general pardon in 1747, a mark of distinction much prized by families which honour the memory of Jacobite ancestors.

I have not mentioned Richard Vaughan,¹ elder brother of William, not having had access to any authorities concerning that

¹ Ancestor of the late Cardinal Herbert Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster.

gentleman, but it is said that he served as an officer in Perth's Regiment, escaped from Culloden and also went to Spain.

Neil MacEachain or MacKechan belonged to the MacDonalds of Howbeag in South Uist. Born in 1719, he had been educated for the Priesthood at the Scots' College in Paris. After Culloden he accompanied Prince Charles Edward and acted as his guide during his wanderings as a fugitive, but the reward of £30,000 offered for the capture of his Prince, great as it was, could not tempt the father of the future Marshal MacDonald.

Some years ago the present writer was cruising in a yacht off the Western Highlands, when the Captain—an Arran man—told him that his father had been a member of the crew of the Revenue cutter which the Government had placed at the disposal of Marshal MacDonald to enable him to visit the site of his father's old home in the Western Islands. The Napoleonic Wars were over, peace reigned in Europe, and so it was that MacDonald, Duke of Tarentum, Napoleon's Marshal found himself an honoured guest of the British Government.

WILMOT VAUGHAN, F.S.A.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE MARVELLOUS HISTORY OF ST. BERNARD."

OWING to the zeal of Sir Barry Jackson and an excellent company at the Kingsway Theatre the name of Henri Ghéon is now familiar to play-going London. His "Marvellous History" was certainly an event in the dramatic world but perhaps it is not so well known that the man who wrote it has had a rather marvellous history himself. He told the story seven years ago in a book called "*L'Homme né de la guerre, témoignage d'un converti.*" Stories of conversion can sometimes be very irritating and often be very dull but this one is in the grand tradition of him who said "Lord, remember me . . ." Not that Henri Ghéon was a vulgar or violent sinner. He was a sad-souled stoic who for twenty-five weary years knew no other Blessed Trinity than literature, art and his mother. His mother died, and as he knelt desolate at the requiem Mass he looked up at the elevated Host with eyes that said mournfully "You do not exist," and a heart that added "No, You could not exist and take her whom I loved away from me, after having bruised her so." But though he denied the existence of God, his love would not let him deny so flatly the continued existence of his mother. The art of the Florentine masters, the sweet mysticism of the cells at St. Mark's and the powerful religious realism of Masaccio at the Carmine, wakened in him the hunger for some object to worship, however vaguely defined. Then came the war and once again he was faced with death and its problems. At any

rate, he decided, that if die he must, he would die artistically. "A little vain, aesthetic concern, if I may so express it" is his comment on the decision. "I put on a brave front and in the depths of my soul I was shaking with terror. Terror of what? Just of quitting the world, the only world I could count on at all. I forgot that my mother had gone before me to the grave and that I had not surrendered all hope of meeting her again." While fighting in the Ypres salient he tells us that if he could have prayed to God at all, he would have said: "Why Lord, oh why did You make such a beautiful world? Each moment I live tells me of the moment when I shall live no more. Oh, I know it and yet I steer my soul towards life and not towards death, I give myself up to pleasure which destiny will snatch away, to a world, for the passing of which I can hear the bells being tolled."

In February, 1915, Ghéon met a Breton naval captain named Dupouey. Dupouey was killed in the trenches on Holy Saturday of the same year and during the intervening weeks they had been together only three times. However, saints have an expeditious way of making themselves felt. Ghéon became passionately attached to his new friend. "Never," he says, "except for my poor mother did I weep for anyone so bitterly." It was not until he had made inquiries from the chaplain of his dead friend's regiment that he discovered the full beauty of the soul which had drawn his own to it like a magnet. "I have known a saint, I have mourned for a saint and now everything is plain. It was just sanctity." By this time Ghéon's heart was completely won but his will continued to play see-saw with its problems. "The memory of Dupouey will not pass away. It was there after the disaster more alive and insistent than ever. . . . A silent appeal, but like that of a lover who may not be denied. . . . With this new wind in my sails, did I rush in hot haste to become a Christian, to study dogma and thumb the usual books? Not in the least, I did not make the slightest effort to become enlightened." Nevertheless, he began to go to church because Dupouey used to go. One Sunday a little incident took place which English readers will hear of with pleasure. High Mass was being sung in a crowded church at a late hour of the morning, when Ghéon noticed an English officer pushing his way steadily up the nave to the altar rails. He was going to Holy Communion, no matter what people might think of him. "Quant à moi," writes Ghéon, "je ne vois que la beauté du geste, l'élan irrésistible de la créature à la rencontre de son Dieu."

One night, on the eve of the great offensive of September, 1915, he was pacing up and down thinking of the dear, brave fellows who would be dead before the sun set again. He was

an army doctor and his duty did not permit him to share all the danger and terror before them. What could he do to help? There was only one thing possible, he might try to pray. "I owed my fighting brothers and my poor country a prayer. A mere, inarticulate cry of the heart would not do. No, I needed definite words, words more beautiful than the hum-drum vocabulary of every day could supply, and more efficacious than those strung together in human phrases. I rummaged about in my memory and there I found intact, and eternal, the words of my first prayer as a child. Yes, I rediscovered the "Our Father" and I repeated it slowly, word by word. It overwhelmed me, after twenty-five years of silence. . . ." Shortly afterwards, Ghéon got into communication with Dupouey's widow. Then began another stage of his slow journey home, as he learned more and more about the soul of his vanished friend. Mme Dupouey sent him some of her husband's note-books and while he read their noble thoughts, the fever that had seized St. Augustine long ago, the "nostalgie de Dieu," began to stir in his veins. But he was not yet free, and the old earthly loves plucked at his fleshly garment saying as they did to Augustine, "Will you leave us now and shall we never know you again?" "Is not prayer enough?" he cried out in tormented expostulation. "Must I begin all over again, and must the old man in me be entirely surrendered? Was there nothing good at all in his thoughts and desires? . . . My heart froze before such demands, I rebelled and clung to my poets, to my Stendhal, to my Nietzsche. . . ." However, by this time, the influence of Dupouey was too strong to be drummed out by the clamour of passion. Ghéon continued to pray and his prayers gave him no peace until he set about the purification of his heart. "I feel a kind of grace dawning in me," he wrote to Mme Dupouey . . . "I am beginning to experience the miracle of prayer." He sent to Paris for a Bible and began to read the Gospels carefully. "I must sorrowfully confess," he writes, "that the features of Our Lord were unknown to me. I had indeed caught a hint or two of them from men I knew, and I still kept the far away memory of them which I derived from the simple traits of the Catechism. . . The God I used to love was a God of glory and triumph and not a God of sorrow and humility." His study of the Gospels brought the true features of our Lord before him and to their divine beauty this lover of everything beautiful completely surrendered. On Christmas Day, 1915, he went to Holy Communion. The extent to which his spiritual perceptions had been sharpened is made evident by his words on the Blessed Eucharist: "C'est la nourriture de tous les jours, le pain quotidien; ce n'est pas une gourmandise, mais un mets solide, sans goût, dont l'effet est lent et durable. Il n'enivre pas, il nourrit." Wise words

these, for people with sensibilities! True liberty of heart had come to him at last. "Yesterday," he writes, "my humour led me where it willed. I gave myself up to the current and baptized with the name of liberty, my impotence and thralldom. Now that I depend on God, I know myself to be truly free. I am no longer an animal but a man." He had a star now by which to set his sails. "God has given me His own chosen interpreter of Himself. I shall read God with other eyes than my own, as the Church reads Him, as Dupouey read Him. . . ." This exploration of God was to go on for many a day. Ghéon had been given faith and the spirit of adoption by which he could cry Abba, Father, but faith does not carry with it the Summa of St. Thomas.

Lorsque vous visitez pour la première fois une de nos grandes cathédrales, Notre-Dame de Chartres, d'Amiens ou de Paris, subjugué par sa masse, par la carrure et le jet de ses tours, la richesse de ses portails, l'éblouissement de ses roses, par l'élan des voûtes aiguës sur les piliers minces et forts, avant de chercher les raisons qui font qu'elle se tient, qu'elle est belle et hardie, vous acceptez d'emblée, dans toute l'étendue et dans tout le détail du dessein caché de son constructeur. Il sera toujours temps ensuite d'étudier et de vérifier les lois de l'équilibre et de la symbolique qui ont dicté le plan, les proportions des parties, le choix et la variété des ornements; soyez-en sûr tout se justifiera. Il en est ainsi de l'Eglise, mais d'abord il faut y entrer.

This is St. Anselm's *fides quaerens intellectum* written with a modern pen. "The day when I first cried 'Credo,'" Ghéon continues, "my reason found its guide, its limits, its foothold. It had recovered its liberty and could begin its task, a task that it took me two years to complete. I had recourse to the saints and the apologists, the apostles and the mystics. My Saint was St. Francis and my doctor Bossuet. From them I learned the full meaning of Catholicism. And the glory of it still keeps me marvelling. I do not pretend that there were no blows nor bruises, no hesitations nor repugnances in the process. When a point of doctrine troubled me I did not wrestle with it for long. I shut my eyes and passed on to something else. When I returned to the delicate question provided with better means of sifting it, I invariably found it divinely, humanly, logically, justified."

It is quite unnecessary for us to moralize over this "marvellous history" of Henri Ghéon. The unknown, dead captain of Breton marines is its moral.

J. B.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

The
Chicago
Congress.

The absence in America of the Editor of THE MONTH, who is attending the great Eucharistic gathering in Chicago, while it deprives our readers for the moment of much that they are accustomed to look for in his trenchant comments on passing events, will no doubt bear abundant fruit in subsequent issues of this journal. Unfortunately, no description from his pen can reach us in time to be included in our present number. On the other hand, the magnificent spectacle which will be witnessed in the Stadium (capable of accommodating 150,000 persons) of the capital of the Middle West will already be a thing of the past before these notes can see the light. Still, a word may be said here on the extraordinary development of Catholicism which has led to the convening of the Congress so far from the shores of the Atlantic. Less than a century ago it might truly be said that Chicago did not exist. That comprehensive work of reference—an admirable compilation in its own day—the “Penny Cyclopædia” of Charles Knight (1837), does not so much as mention Chicago, though it has a quite lengthy notice of the other mushroom city, Cincinnati. We learn, indeed, from later authorities that Father Marquette S.J., in 1674, built a cabin in the vicinity of the Chicago river. There was also a fort erected there early in the last century and some Catholic settlers established themselves beside it; but they had no resident priest until 1833. After this, however, progress was rapid. The diocese of Chicago was created in 1844, and in 1880 it became an archbishopric. Church after church was built, until at the present day such temples of Catholic worship number two hundred and thirty-four in the city and its suburbs. Meanwhile, the population has increased to over three millions, of whom 1,500,000 are said to be Catholics. Where else upon the surface of the globe would it be possible to bring together so vast a multitude of believers to do honour to the abiding presence upon earth of that King of kings of whom the Roman Pontiff is the visible representative and vicegerent? His legate will be there to draw closer the bonds which unite the members with the head, and we may feel assured that he will meet with an enthusiastic reception. But in these days of proportionate representation is it not a marvellous testimony to the power of the Faith that this teeming human hive should pay homage to the spiritual sovereignty of a ruler in whose election they have had no share, a man alien in race, destitute of resources, separated from them by five thousand miles of land and ocean, and the inheritor of traditions which, materially speaking, are in many respects almost the antipodes of those of the bulk of their fellow-countrymen?

The Question of
a
Native Episcopate.

The encyclical *Rerum ecclesiæ* which was published by the Holy Father in the early part of this year has naturally been made the subject of many comments in the Catholic periodical press of France and other European countries. It is indeed a very weighty and epoch-making document, more particularly in regard to what is there said concerning the development of a native clergy. Recalling the conditions under which the Church was first established in apostolic times, the Sovereign Pontiff reminds us that the main object of all missionary endeavour is to build up Christian communities which should be self-supporting and, so far as their spiritual needs are concerned, independent of alien assistance. Sound reason prescribes that a congregation in healthy working order should be ministered to by priests of its own race and speech. It would be altogether a false idea to suppose that the only use of a native clergy is to act in a subordinate capacity under the direction of foreign missionaries, who are always to control and organize according to their own European traditions. The Holy Father fully recognizes that this is a matter in which precipitate action has to be avoided. The change must come gradually, the people themselves must be prepared, the native candidates for ordination must be fittingly educated and their stability tested—all which implies the erection of suitable seminaries, in itself a slow and costly undertaking, though a good beginning has already been made. Still, the mind of the Holy See is made clear that the goal is a native episcopate, seconded not only by a native clergy, but by religious orders of men and women both active and contemplative. In connection with this we are reminded very appropriately that an appreciation of a life of asceticism and solitude, as well as a strong tendency towards mysticism, is inbred in many Oriental peoples. His Holiness cites one definite example in the case of the Trappist Monastery, founded in the Apostolic Vicariate of Pekin, where nearly a hundred monks, most of them native Chinese, are observing this austere rule with the utmost fervour and fidelity. In India the mystical aspirations of the people have, as we know to our cost, been exploited for nearly half a century by Mme. Blavatsky and her Theosophists, and it is to be feared that she and her successor, Mrs. Besant, under the sinister influence of Charles W. Leadbeater, have done much to prejudice the native mind against any inspiration which is of European provenance. By such preposterous fictions as the long-announced reincarnation of the world-deity, the lord Maitreya, in the bodily form of Mr. J. Krishnamurti, they have done infinite mischief. It is strange, we may note by the way, that, in spite of all the anticipations which have been awakened, the psychological moment for Krishnamurti's final assumption of the Messiahship seems still to be postponed.

The
"Church Times"
and
Dean Inge.

Meanwhile, the Holy Father's Encyclical seems to have made a favourable impression upon the "Church Times." Noting that this new pronouncement indicates some departure from the policy which has hitherto prevailed in Catholic missionary activities, a leader in the issue for June 11th rejects the suggestion that the traditional attitude was due to fear lest the native Christian communities might develop a spirit of independence, and attributes it, as we think correctly, "to a laudable desire to protect the faith of the native communities." "A youthful church," we are reminded, "presided over by comparative novices, left largely to itself, unsupported by resident chiefs in whom the Faith has long become a deeply ingrained tradition, is always liable to erroneous developments. This serious possibility is one which responsible heads of foreign missions must view with apprehension, and against it they are bound to guard." On the other hand, as the same journal continues, "this parental government may be continued for too long. The time arrives when youthful Churches become mature and their clergy must take the full responsibilities of direction upon themselves. It is easy to see in the trend of recent events reasons why Rome was induced to issue these orders at the present time. The spirit of nationalism, with all its jealous exclusiveness, is rampant." Mexico and Egypt are cited as cases in point, and the conclusion is drawn that "the change of policy is a statesmanlike response to the requirements of modern conditions."

In the same article reference is made to recent utterances of the Dean of St. Paul's, who is quoted as saying that "if ever Asiatics are converted, they will not become Anglicans, Romans or Presbyterians. They will develop a Christianity of their own." Although we have not seen the pronouncement in question, we may assume that the "Church Times" is not guilty of any misrepresentation when it goes on to attribute to the Dean the remark that if Asiatics, instead of accepting any imported form of Christianity, prefer to Christianize their own religion—"Is not that, after all, mainly a matter for them? Supposing they worship a Being with the same attributes, it does not very much matter whether they call Him Buddha or Christ. We must look to things rather than words." It must be confessed that the "Church Times" discusses this astounding remark with an equanimity which rather surprises us. For what have our missionaries laboured and shed their blood if some vague acceptance of a nameless Deity is to be the final result of all their efforts? It is language of this kind in the mouths of high dignitaries of the Establishment which brings home to us more than anything else the rapidity with which official Anglicanism is drifting away from all pretence of attaching any meaning to the creeds which their

clergy recite and the Articles which they sign as a condition of holding their benefices. We are certainly at one here with the "Church Times" when it says: "A Christianity without Atonement, or Incarnation, or Deity of our Lord, or Trinity, approximates so closely to various Unitarian ideals that the Christianizing of Jews or Mohammedans in that sense might seem a quite simple matter."

**Two
New Catholic
Quarterlies.**

Although, under stress of the War and the difficult publishing conditions which followed, numerous periodicals, some of them old friends of many year's standing, went under and have never been revived, still their places are gradually being taken by others of not less merit. The first numbers of two Quarterlies, one American and the other German, both of them bulky and both typographically admirable, lie before us at the present moment. One of these is called "Thought" and it is described in its prospectus as "a review of current thought and modern problems, and a clearing-house for scholarly work." We are also told that "this Quarterly will be the highest form of popularization, just short of technical research. It will be progressive in that it will be in touch with the latest findings in every branch, securing the best work of the best writers and students. It plans to reach the small and select audience who, in this country, are formulating the thought of the people from university chair and lecture platform." This is an ambitious programme, but a very good start is made in the present number. The bill of fare is varied, ranging from articles on Scholastic Philosophy and Newman's views on education to Bishop Berkeley's Idealism and a sketch of Charles Waterton, the naturalist. If the high purpose which animates the editors can be maintained, this new venture ought to prove a potent influence in shaping the religious ideas of the great North-American continent. We offer the editors and staff of "Thought" our heartiest good wishes for the success of their undertaking. The other Quarterly to which we refer has also but a single word for its title, "Scholastik"—a good example to set, especially in Germany. As we might infer from the name, this review is much more technical in character and narrower in range than its not less newly-born American brother. A posthumous article of 40 pages, by the late Father Christian Pesch, on the nature of the distinction between essence and existence, plunges us at once into one of the most controverted and obscure of metaphysical problems. This is going in off the deep end, with a vengeance! Of special interest, however, to English readers is a contribution, evidently the fruit of laborious original research, by Father Franz Pelster S.J., dealing with the earliest Franciscan professor who lectured at Oxford upon the Book of the Sentences. Father Pelster claims to establish upon good evidence that this

was Friar Richard of Cornwall, and that the first edition of his important commentary on the Sentences is still preserved to us in MS 62 of the Library of Balliol College. Here, again, both this and the other contents of the number afford satisfactory proof that Catholic scholarship is not lagging behind in the general progress of letters. The excellence of the reviews in "Scholastik" may also be particularly commended.

**Marriage and
Divorce under
Bolshevik Rule.**

A well-informed article in the June number of the "Stimmen der Zeit," based upon official sources, supplies information regarding the almost incredible position of affairs in Russia and gives an account of the campaign deliberately waged by the Soviet Government against the institution of marriage and the family life. So far as the legal position is concerned, the facts are perfectly clear, and they are authenticated by the author of the article, Father J. Kologrivov, with definite references in each case to the sections of the code. The chief points are these: (1) religious marriage finds no recognition of any kind; (2) civil marriage and registration is recognized, but only as a preliminary to a perfectly free contract, terminable at will; (3) a formal divorce may be obtained upon the request of either party without reason assigned and without the assent of the other party; (4) the legal rights of children (if parentage can be proved) born out of wedlock are identical with those of the married; (5) the practice of procuring abortion is not only permitted, but the destruction of the foetus is legalized in public hospitals whenever such an operation is desired, either for reasons of health or because the parents do not wish to be burdened with more children. Father Kologrivov explains that it is difficult to obtain any satisfactory statistics as to the practical working of the legislation. In spite of the encouragement indirectly given to free unions without any form of marriage at all, the number of marriages has increased as compared with pre-War statistics. This, however, is probably due in large measure to the fact that the contract can be easily rescinded if it does not work satisfactorily and also to the remarriages of the couples previously divorced. On the other hand, the number of divorces has also enormously increased, and Father Kologrivov is led to estimate them as amounting in practice to something between 200 and 250 annually per 100,000 inhabitants, although it must be confessed that this is an inference based on inadequate statistics. He reminds us at the same time that the evil prevails disastrously in other countries as well. Per 100,000 inhabitants the number of divorces in Belgium in 1924 was 38, in Germany in 1923 it was 55, in France in 1925 it was 51, and in the United States in 1922 it was 136. As for what in this country would be called illegal operations, we learn that in certain districts

of Russia lying adjacent to the railway system there were reported in the year 1924 33,927 births and 22,733 cases of abortion. These facts are apparently obtained from the Russian newspaper "Goudok," in which it is also stated that out of 155,000 operations for the destruction of the foetus, 66,000 were attended by a subsequent illness of the mother, which, in 3,000 cases, proved ultimately fatal. It would hardly be possible to exaggerate the horror of this state of things!

Dean Inge
again.

The whole wide world is weary of Dean Inge. He is a scholar, of course, but plain unscholarly people who read him must often wonder whether he is anything more. We need not go to the "Idea of a University" to discover that a gentleman respects the sincere convictions of other people. We feel in our bones that one who does not is a man to avoid. He may be as learned as he likes, but he has a vulgar soul if he transgresses that most obvious of amenities. In the *Church of England Newspaper* for June 11th, 1926, the Dean has a characteristic article on Idolatry, the kind of article we have learned to expect from his pen. "In the Western Catholic Church," he writes, "idolatry reigns almost unchecked. It is quite impossible to draw any distinction between the devotions paid before images by Catholics and the idolatry against which the Jewish prophets fulminated." That is one precious statement to come from so distinguished a pen. The other is this: "Naked fetishism, in the form of adoration of the Consecrated Elements, has been allowed to creep in." If these charges are not abuse in the most unlovely sense of the word, then there is no such thing as abuse, naked and unashamed, at all. Dean Inge must know in his heart of hearts that these statements are no better than gibes. He would not venture to say such things to an individual man at his club, but he plays the unworthy part of levelling them at a great mass of men, well aware that they can hope for little or nothing in the way of redress. Well, perhaps it does not matter. Dean Inge no doubt believes in God, and God, we may remind him, is just. "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour" is an ordinance that covers societies as well as individuals. Adoration of our Divine Lord present under the appearances of bread and wine is termed by the learned Dean "naked fetishism." Once in the past he pronounced the late Baron F. von Hügel to be the most learned theologian in England. The present writer has many times observed the Baron "adoring the Consecrated Elements," and that, too, when there was not a soul present in the little chapel but von Hügel and himself. If the most learned theologian in England could in private be a fetish-worshipper, goodness only knows what awful rites go on in the secret places of St. Paul's!

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Communion of Saints, the Dogma of [M. de Mieres in *Estudis Franciscans*, May, 1926, p. 321].

Miracles [Joseph De Brandt in *Ons Geloof*, May, 1926, p. 193].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Eugenics, Catholic [C. Brühl in the *Homiletic Review*, June, 1926, p. 903].

Philomena, Saint [F. Trochu in *Revue Apologétique*, April 1, 1926, p. 7].

Why I am a Catholic [F. W. Chambers in *Catholic Times*, June 11, 1926, p. 11].

Xavier, St. Francis, and Rationalist criticism [V. Wilkin in *The Month*, July, 1926, p. 42].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Catholicism in the United States [P. Guilday in *Thought*, June, 1926, p. 3].

Cinematograph and the protection of children [F. Restrepo in *Razón y Fe*, May 25, 1926, p. 319].

Freemasonry and Pius XI. [H. Gruber in *Das neue Reich*, April 3 to 24, 1926].

International Relations, the Problem of [Civiltà Cattolica, June 5, 1926, p. 408].

Marriage and Divorce in Bolshevist Russia [Yvan Kologrivov in *Etudes*, May 21, 1926, p. 437; same article in *Stimmen der Zeit*, June, 1926, p. 199].

Mass, the Laity and the [J. Kramp in *Stimmen der Zeit*, June, 1926, p. 206].

Mexican Trouble, The, as seen from both sides [C. A. Castañeda and Charles Phillips in *Catholic World*, June, 1926, p. 366; and C. Bayle in *Razón y Fe*, May 25, 1926, p. 328].

More, Chelsea House of Bd. Sir Thomas [Reginald Blunt in *Tablet*, June 5, 1926, p. 750].

Suggestion, What is it? [F. Palmès in *Razón y Fe*, May 10, 1926, p. 229].

Tears of Blood [H. Thurston in *Tablet*, June 5, 1926, p. 714].

REVIEWS

I—ICHABOD¹

DR. PEAKE is already well known (among other things) as the editor of a much larger work upon similar lines, his "Commentary on the Bible" (London, 1919); and we presume that it was his success and experience in dealing with the larger effort that moved his colleagues of the Society for Old Testament Study to request him to captain their present effort. Although each contributor has been allowed the utmost freedom, there is a certain unity both in the general outlook and the actual scheme of the work, and the company of writers may be said to represent the Biblical learning of this country at its best, so far as it stands outside of the Catholic Church, and aloof from it.

This is certainly a volume that no Biblical scholar will be able to ignore. Perhaps its position would have been even better assured if a little more attention had been bestowed upon the get-up. The print, though good, is a little small: there is no sort of synopsis to help the reader through the stiffer articles: and a novel horror is added to perusal in the need to cut an occasional page along the bottom. We must not, however, lay much stress on these drawbacks. The articles themselves we cannot criticize in detail. Naturally our sympathy and interest goes out most to Mr. G. R. Driver, who has inherited his father's learning in Semitic philology; in this neutral sphere, wherein there is little scope for the vagaries of higher criticism, he gives us a scholarly survey of the linguistic field for which even the learned (we think) will be beholden to him. Incidentally it is interesting to find him identifying the Hebrews invading Palestine with "one wave" of the Khabiru, the invaders mentioned in the Tell-el-Amarna tablets found in Egypt (p. 111). With this Prof. Welch agrees, who assigns 1445 B.C. as the most probable date of the Exodus (pp. 123-4), a conclusion with which Dr. Hall, again, is evidently in substantial agreement (pp. 1-17). We thus seem to be reaching *terra firma* in the matter of chronology even for Mosaic beginnings, and it is the Biblical date, only recently so easily brushed aside, that has

¹*The People and the Book: Essays on the Old Testament.* Edited by Arthur S. Peake (Hon. D.D. Oxford and Aberdeen), Rylands Professor of Biblical Exegesis in the University of Manchester. Oxford: Clarendon Press. Pp. xx. 508. Price, 10s. net. 1925.

ended by imposing itself upon the critics, because of the witness borne to it by archæological discovery.

Dr. Robinson, in speaking of "The Methods of Higher Criticism," writes: "Not a few earnest and faithful seekers after truth, endeavouring in all humility to trace the hand of God in revelation, have found that to begin with Genesis as it stands in our Bibles and to end the old dispensation with Malachi brings to them the feeling that they are faced by a meaningless chaos" (pp. 151-2). Well, to accept the Catholic canon of Scripture and end with Machabees would certainly put more meaning into the Old Testament. Waiving that point, however, we would say that "The Methods of Higher Criticism," whether the critic be aware of it or not, tend to eliminate both the hand of God and revelation, and until they *have* been eliminated by tampering with text and date and the like, your modern critic refuses to see anything in the evidence except "meaningless chaos." The attempted distinction between "higher criticism" and "historical criticism" (p. 154) seems to us futile both in theory and practice; they are not, and cannot be, kept apart. It is the refusal to surrender prejudice to evidence that prevents any certainty in conclusions, and makes of the "higher critics," in a saying quoted on p. 183, "a band of cannibals who refresh themselves by devouring one another." Prof. McFadyen follows up this quotation by a confession that "the general trend of the development and its broad lines are plain enough: but when we come to detail, there is at the moment practically no unanimity anywhere" (p. 183).

Is not this partly due to an extraordinarily narrow outlook, to presuppositions of merely natural evolution and the like which are never thought out, and not even mentioned? What is most remarkable about the book is to us its academic myopia. The tremendous Biblical movement now active in the Catholic Church is a thing utterly outside the writers' purview: of inspiration or revelation in any true sense they have apparently never dreamed: they can hardly be said to come to close quarters either with "the People" or with "the Book," in spite of the title they give the volume. No doubt the cave-dwellers in Plato's famous allegory would have complained, like these scholars (p. xii.), of the want of general interest in their proceedings. But the reason is simple; they have stripped the Bible of all that most enthralled mankind. *Ichabod*: "the glory is departed."

2—CICERO AS AN EDUCATOR¹

THIS book is not so much a treatise as an essay, but one that deserves to be read. We believe that it will be read and well digested, if not by large numbers, at least by those whom it is worth while to read. The work has in one sense a wide appeal, for besides its importance as a contribution to the history of Rome as the world-civilizer, it throws a strong light upon many modern educational problems. Between two such large conceptions there need not be any real opposition, nor does the author give much indication as to which aspect of his enquiry most interested himself. Yet his style is not impersonal; at every page we meet sure and well-considered expressions of his own opinion. In fact, we believe the essay to be quite as remarkable for its display of judgment and breadth of view as it certainly is for the erudition shown by a comparatively young writer.

The outstanding views impressed on the reader are, first, the value of Cicero's comprehensive theory of education needed by an orator; next—after a period of increasing narrowness and over emphasis upon technical training, consequent upon political decay—the effort of Quintilian to re-establish the Ciceronian ideals; lastly, the unfortunate contrast seen between the original impulse and the imitative restoration.

Thus the essay is somewhat of a panegyric upon the great Roman Orator. We hardly think Fr. Gwynn would resent the appellation, Ciceronian, but, it must be added, in no exaggerated sense. His praise is always moderate and well supported by facts and documents; but his standpoint is clearly defined—"the history of Roman education is very largely the history of Cicero's intellectual growth, maturity and influence." There is, however, no evidence of a desire to maintain a thesis, or intellectually to "grind an axe." In a work mainly dealing with the subject of Rhetoric and its teaching, the absence of the rhetorical element will be specially welcome.

The scope of the present volume (as we are told in the preface) does not wholly cover the ground of Fr. Gwynn's investigation. Besides confining himself at present to the period from Cicero to Quintilian, he has dealt only with the theoretical aspects of Roman education, while he intends in a later volume to give the history of the Roman Schools under the Empire. When the work is completed it should give a conspectus which will reach a higher degree of interest than is possible for an instalment, however good in itself. But whether we regard what has been already achieved, or what may be looked for in the future, we may con-

¹ *Roman Education.* By Aubrey Gwynn, S.J. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.

gratulate this gifted writer and the recently established Irish University which he tells us supplied the larger part of his own mental formation.

H. R.

3—"DISTRIBUTISM"

THE thesis which the author sets out to prove is, that the free development of Catholicism is the real cure for our social and industrial ills. Although the wealth of quotations drawn from sources of varying quality is apt to obliterate somewhat the clear lines of the argument, it must be said that Mr. Harrington has effectively expounded his social ideal to which he gives the name "Distributism." He considers his subject mainly from two different standpoints: first, that of Catholic moral philosophy and theology as set out not only in the great encyclical letters of Pope Leo XIII, but also in the unanimous teaching of Catholic moralists, both ancient and modern, and, secondly, that of history interpreted with Catholic insight in such writings as those of Belloc, Chesterton and even Cram.

His attractive popular survey of mediæval economic history, though painted in somewhat glowing colours, contains useful lessons for modern Labour and Capital, which both have much to learn from the days when all Europe was Catholic. Every Catholic reader—and, we hope, also many fair-minded non-Catholics—will fully agree with the author's indictment of the abuses of Capitalism as well as those of extreme Socialism or Communism. We may heartily share his wish for the final triumph of the ideal system of Distribution, in which "the great majority of men will own and control some private property." But his contention that Capitalist principles are inseparably associated with the Reformation and Protestantism, seems to us to lay too onesided a stress upon a relatively insignificant factor in the development of modern industrialism and somewhat to underrate the cardinal fact, demonstrated by the long experience of the Catholic Church under many varying industrial systems, that the Church is wedded to no economic or social system in particular; that it can live under any form of social and industrial organization which does not *in itself* (for abuses, of course, are possible in any human polity) interfere with inalienable private rights and the common weal. Rightly, however, the root of all the social and economic evils in modern society is laid bare by tracing them to the divorce between Ethics and Economics.

¹ *Catholicism, Capitalism, or Communism.* By Jeremiah C. Harrington, A.B., S.T.B. Saint Paul, U.S.A.: The E. M. Lohmann Co. Price, \$2.50 net. 1926.

This book, though of no particular value as an authoritative treatise, will prove useful to social students as an easy approach to the thorough investigation of the three big C's with which it is concerned. One point of definite criticism has to be made against it. The title-page announces an "Epilogue by Gilbert K. Chesterton," and there is a picture of Mr. Chesterton on the cover. This naturally raises expectations, but when we turn to the end of the book we discover that the "Epilogue" consists of three pages transplanted (with the publisher's permission, of course) from the "Return of Christendom." On the same principles it would be easy to send up the sales of any new literary venture by advertising an "Epilogue" by Mr. William Shakespeare, Signor Dante Alighieri, or His Holiness Pope Pius XI, and if one selected the extract judiciously with an eye to the loopholes left by the law of copyright, it might not even be necessary to ask the distinguished author's leave.

4—A NEW CATHOLIC DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE¹

ABBÉ VIGOUROUX'S *Dictionnaire de la Bible* was the best available Catholic work on Scriptural subjects, but many of its articles badly needed bringing up to date. Much scholarly work has been done since the Abbé and his collaborators started their great enterprise, and in the present supplement this work receives full recognition. Indeed, it is not so much a supplement as a new *Dictionnaire*. The article on the Acts of the Apostles, for instance, runs to 44 columns of small print, and refers to books published as recently as 1923. A splendid article on the Agrapha is given 37 columns, while that on the Apocrypha of the Old Testament has no less than 106. The thoroughness of the scholarship scattered so lavishly through the pages of these first numbers gives high hope for the success of the work as a whole. The names of such experts as Père Allo, Père Dhorme, Professor Amann, Professor Touzard, etc., which appear at the foot of articles in these fascicules, are of themselves a guarantee that the publishers intend to give us the best and nothing but the best. The supplement is bound, therefore, to prove a godsend to Scripture students and, indeed, to all who take more than a superficial interest in the Word of God.

¹ *Dictionnaire de la Bible : Supplément Publié sous la Direction de Louis Pirot avec le Concours de Nombreux Collaborateurs.* Fascicules I.—II. Abdeh.—Apocryphes du N.T. Paris: Letouzey et Ané. Pp. 256, double column. Price, 8 fr. each fascicule. 1926.

5—AN IDEAL COURSE OF THEOLOGY¹

THE Cambridge Summer School of Catholic Studies has already provided English readers with a number of excellent popular books on points of theology. The first volume, "The Religion of the Scriptures," which contained the lectures of 1921, filled to perfection a decided gap in our native Catholic literature, and the succeeding volumes on the Holy Eucharist, the Papacy, and St. Thomas, if not quite so good, were yet very good indeed. In the present volume on the Incarnation, even the fine standard of "The Religion of the Scriptures" is surpassed. The Incarnation is a subject to frighten any but the boldest of students, yet in the lectures we are reviewing it becomes invested with interest little less than fascinating. We guarantee that anyone who studies this book with a little care will find his faith become extraordinarily alive. He will possess the clue to the strange speech of prophet and priest when he has read Dr. Boylan. Dr. Arendzen will show him from non-Biblical sources in what a variety of wonderful ways God was preparing His people for the great revelation, and show, too, alas! what poor scholars they made in spite of His patient kindness. Father Martindale's paper on "The Preparation of the Gentiles," makes plain the extent to which Christianity may be said to have "borrowed" from other religions, and incidentally makes hay with certain facile theories of the "Golden Bough" order. In the next paper, on the Synoptic Gospels, by Father Hugh Pope, the reader will enjoy a fine cumulative argument for the divinity of our Lord, and in the following one, on the Gospel of St. John, by Father Martindale, he will see that the fourth Evangelist was not innovating when he proclaimed Christ to be God, only supplementing in a very deliberate way the witness of the other three. Father Lattey in the sixth lecture takes the great text from St. Paul (Philip. ii. 1-11) and shows with his accustomed skill that the Apostle's words could have only one meaning, namely, that Christ was both God and man. Canon Myers pilots the reader through the rather stormy waters of the Fathers and Councils, and Father de la Taille performs the same good services through the peaceful but very profound seas of Scholasticism. These two lectures are among the finest in the book and deserve the most careful study. Father Thomas Garde, O.P., then shows the place which Our Lady occupied in the mind of the early Church. After him Father Knox appears with a delightful paper on "Kenotic Theories," and then Dr.

¹ *The Incarnation: Papers from the Summer School of Catholic Studies*, held in Cambridge, July 25-31, 1925. Edited by the Rev. C. Lattey, S.J. Cambridge: Heffer. Price, 7s. 6d. net. 1926.

Downey brings the book to a close with a most instructive and timely lecture on "Rationalist Criticism." The lectures throughout are provided with excellent bibliographies. Most heartily do we wish the book the widest possible circulation. Catholics and non-Catholics alike will derive nothing but profit and pleasure from its study.

6—THE HISTORY OF MEDIÆVAL PHILOSOPHY¹

"THE History of Mediæval Philosophy," by Prof. Maurice de Wulf, is already known to English readers as a useful work of reference. The second edition was translated in 1909 by Dr. Coffey, of Maynooth. The present translation by Dr. E. C. Messenger, of St. Edmund's College, Ware, is from the fifth French edition of 1924-5, and takes account of some of the more important work of the last twenty years. It is perhaps to be regretted that still more has not been done in this way. The work retains its text-book form and style—trim paragraphs, pointed summaries, and an *a priori* tone throughout. The bibliographies are temptingly full; but what the general reader, of course, would like, would be to have something of that vast erudition conveyed into the text. For positive information we do not find M. de Wulf a great advance on Catholic works of a past generation like those of Stöckl or Kleutgen, to say nothing of certain well-known non-Catholic historians of General Philosophy. One of the main positions of the book, and a constantly recurring theme, is that, throughout the Middle Ages, a distinct anti-scholastic current and tradition can be discerned. It therefore becomes necessary to obtain a clear definition of Scholasticism, and the author devotes many pages to this inquiry. Frankly, we do not think the alleged anti-scholasticism a very solidly established conception or a very important one. It is a question of names. The term scholastic was applied by the humanists of the fifteenth century indiscriminately and in an uncomplimentary sense to all the mediæval schools. They, at all events, did not wish, as M. de Wulf does, to make the word a badge of philosophic orthodoxy as such. And there seems no reason why a modern writer should not follow their example.

An example of the very conventional manner in which historical personages are treated will be found in the account of St. Bonaventure and his philosophical relations with St. Thomas Aquinas. St. Bonaventure, like his master, Alexander of Hales, upheld the traditional Augustinian doctrine against the peripatetic innovations of Blessed Albert the Great and St.

¹ *The History of Mediæval Philosophy.* By Maurice de Wulf. Translated from the fifth French edition by Dr. E. C. Messenger. London: Longmans. Pp. 415. Price, 15s. net.

Thomas Aquinas. M. de Wulf writes: "While he defended the organic doctrines of the older school right up to the end, there is no trace in his works of a direct opposition to the Thomistic innovations. He was a faithful friend of St. Thomas, and took no part in the attacks which other Augustinians directed against the Dominican master." There are several inaccuracies here. First, the supposed friendship of the two saints cannot be confidently asserted as an historical fact. They were thrown together on one memorable occasion, on their admission, under papal protection, to the Master's Degree in the University of Paris, but there is no real evidence that they ever were in close intimacy with one another. Scholars like Père Mandonnet, O.P., and M. Gilson have expressed themselves with great reserve on this subject. More important still there is clear evidence in St. Bonaventure, and a certain amount in St. Thomas, of a sharp antagonism in philosophical questions, between them. On the famous thesis of the unity of substantial forms, for example, which was one of the Thomistic opinions most ardently controverted, St. Bonaventure expresses himself with great vigour and freedom; "insanum" is the epithet he applies to the theory of St. Thomas. (In *Hexaem. Coll. IV.*). Less brusque, but no less anti-thomistic, is his solution of the problem of a possible creation *ab æterno*. (*Ibid.*). M. Gilson, indeed, has suggested that St. Bonaventure was one of the most zealous opponents of St. Thomas during the critical years 1269-72 in Paris. Certain it is that as Minister-General of his Order he must have had full cognizance of the affair in which one of his own subjects, John Peckham, the future Archbishop of Canterbury, led the attack in a violent disputation against St. Thomas in person. St. Bonaventure was very likely in Paris at the time. It was precisely at this period (in 1273) that the passages above noted were written, and there is not the smallest doubt against whose teaching they were aimed.

Dr. Messenger has done his work well; his version is clear and idiomatic. The frequency of misprints is, however, a blemish.

SHORT NOTICES.

THEOLOGICAL.

IN *Jesus Christ est Vraiment Dieu d'après les Evangiles* (Lethielleux: 3 fr.) the Abbé J. Mury gives a series of quotations from the Gospels on the Divinity of Christ. The little booklet claims to be neither a treatise on Theology nor a course of Apologetics; but an attempt to show that the pages of the Gospels are themselves an eloquent witness to the Godhead of Christ. And to those who read with unbiassed mind the attempt is crowned with success. More emphatically than even the Old does the New Testament "give testimony of Him."

BIBLICAL.

It is not a mere commonplace to say of the excellent collection of lectures delivered at Aberdeen under the auspices of the diocesan branch of the Catholic Truth Society of Scotland, that it should be in the hands of every Catholic. For **The Bible: its History, Authenticity and Authority** (Sands: 3s. 6d.) is a collection of papers on the Inspiration of the Bible, the Text of the Sacred Scriptures, read by some of the most eminent biblical scholars of the Catholic Church in Great Britain. The aim of these courses of lectures is to state Catholic truth and to avoid controversy; and the first course of the series, given at Aberdeen, 1924-25, by Father Lattey, S.J., Dr. Arendzen, Mgr. Clays and Mgr. Forbes, is so profound in its learning, yet of such dignity and simplicity in its exposition, that the fullness of the Catholic teaching in regard to the Inspiration and Text of the Holy Scriptures is made plain for everyone.

A rather different standpoint is adopted by Canon H. N. Bate, of the Anglican Chapter of Carlisle, who in **A Guide to the Epistles of Saint Paul** (Longmans: 3s. 6d.) contemplates a reader who is prepared to read the whole of the Pauline Epistles through, in English or Greek. The aim of Canon Bate is to present a working basis for the individual study of the reader, inferring, so it appears, that the reader will interpret the Epistles as he finds them.

Canon Randolph, of Ely, contributes a preface to the **Song of Mystery**, a devotional study of the Book of Canticles by S. L. Christian (Longmans: 6s.). Written by a religious of the Anglican Church, the devotional readings that make up this volume form a mystical commentary on the Canticle of Canticles of such beauty and understanding, that one can only hope to see the day when the devotional writings of the author will appear prefaced by *imprimatur* and *nihil obstat*!

PHILOSOPHICAL.

St. Thomas Aquinas is one of the most impersonal of great thinkers, Descartes one of the most self-revealing and autobiographical. In an interesting volume, **Thomisme et Méthode** (Beauchesne: 30 fr.), M. Jean Rimaud attempts a detailed comparison of the two as contrasted intellectual types. The book is much more interesting—in the sense of human interest—than its title suggests. Descartes wrote a "Discours de la Méthode," which is in effect a "Vie Intime" of himself; and other philosophers, from St. Augustine to Pascal, have been similarly lavish in self-revelation. With these men, we know not merely what they thought, but how they came to think it: we know as it were the inner method of their minds. It is this inner method that M. Rimaud seeks to discover in the case of St. Thomas. Thus, it is a psychological study, not in the ordinary sense a methodological inquiry, to which he invites us. The chief topics considered are: St. Thomas as an innovator—under which head the author has some very suggestive remarks on the work of Albert the Great, whom M. Rimaud considers to have had more genius but less talent than his illustrious pupil; St. Thomas as an abstract thinker; as an observer; as a psychologist—in which latter habits or faculties he holds him to have been deficient; finally, St. Thomas as

a mystic. Sometimes the judgments expressed may provoke dissent but at least they merit consideration, for they represent a sincere effort of interpretation, inspired by a genuine enthusiasm.

From the Pontifical Institute of Oriental Studies at Rome we have received a volume which will, we feel sure, be welcomed with delight by every student of Mediæval Philosophy. This is the **Metaphysics Compendium**, by Avicenna (price, \$3), translated into Latin from the Arabic by Mgr. Nematallah Caramé, a Maronite bishop. Latin translations of this philosopher, so important for the history of Scholasticism, have existed since the twelfth century; but there has been no fresh edition for centuries, and copies are naturally scarce. And this particular treatise has so far never been translated. It is a work which, the translator assures us, contains an accurate and succinct summary of Avicenna's ontology and theology. This version, accordingly, puts into the hands of the student one of the sources of Thomistic metaphysics. Avicenna was recognized as the greatest of the Eastern philosophers. His interpretation of Aristotle was broader, and in sundry ways more consonant with Christian orthodoxy than that of Averroes, though the taint of Pantheism was not absent from his work. Both Albert the Great and St. Thomas esteemed his authority highly. It was through him (and Boethius) that the celebrated doctrine of the real distinction of essence and existence—a Neo-Platonic rather than an Aristotelian thesis—found its way into Scholastic philosophy. Mgr. Caramé and the directors of the Oriental Institute have done a great service to scholarship by this translation. That the Bishop is a sound Aristotelian as well as an Oriental scholar, the numerous footnotes and the learned introduction fully testify. We hope the reception of the present volume will encourage him to continue the valuable work he has so ably begun.

DEVOTIONAL.

The third and fourth volumes of Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne's delightful edition of the spiritual works of Abbot Blosius have now appeared (price, 3s. 6d. net, each volume). Volume III. is the famous **Mirror for Monks**, in a very pleasant anonymous translation of 1676. Dom Roger Hudleston, O.S.B., the editor of the series, contributes an interesting introduction to this little classic of asceticism. Volume IV. is **The Sanctuary of the Faithful Soul**, in the well-known translation of Father Bertrand Wilberforce. We only wish that the few pages of introduction supplied by Father Bernard Delany, O.P., had been three times as many, so wise and so much to the point do they read.

Another great spiritual writer who appears in Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne's recent lists is Fray Luis de Leon, poet, theologian and student of the classics. Fray Luis is a fascinating person and it is good to have his **Names of Christ** (6s. net) in an English dress. Father Benedict Zimmerman's preface supplies the main facts of his troubled but exceedingly interesting story. The earlier part of this present book was written in the prison of the Inquisition. When its author was released he made his entrance into Salamanca to the sound of drums and trumpets, being met on the road by thousands of masters and students. Mr. F.G. Bell's excellent study of his many-sided char-

acter, which was published by the Clarendon Press last year, has in the present volume a worthy and very helpful companion. The translation, by a Benedictine nun of Stanbrook, must have been a difficult task and it has been very well done.

The Open Door, by S. Burrows (B.O. and W.: 3s. 6d.), is "a popular plea for the Catholic Faith as free as possible from the technical terms of philosophy and theology." Mr. Burrows has read very widely in apologetic literature and gives references to learned encyclopædias, manuals of philosophy, books on comparative religion, etc., throughout his pages. Indeed, one might say in criticism that there are perhaps too many hinges on his Open Door. That, however, is a lesser evil than too few, and a patient reader will undoubtedly be helped considerably by the study of this book. The style is poor, but the facts are there in abundance, and Mr. Burrows argues from them very tellingly. One very attractive feature of his book is the genuine apostolic spirit which informs it. The price is extremely reasonable for over five hundred closely printed pages, and we have every confidence that the author's zeal will not fail of its reward. C.E.G. speakers will find "The Open Door" a mine of useful information.

Père Emmanuel d'Alzon, the saintly founder of the Augustinians of the Assumption, wrote for his spiritual children a series of **Méditations sur la Perfection Religieuse**, which have been published recently by the Maison de la Bonne Presse (5 Rue Bayard, Paris: Price, 12 fr.). The meditations extend over the period from Christmas Eve to the octave of Corpus Christi, and those who use them may be assured of much help in their prayer. They are obviously the product of a very holy man's own experience and they are extraordinarily clear.

The Liturgical Sacrifice of the New Law, by Rev. Joseph Kramp, S.J. (Herder: 6s.), is a very good, simple book on a very important, difficult subject. It answers in easy language such pertinent questions as: What is a Sacrifice? Why is Sacrifice essential to Religion? Why and how is the Mass a Sacrifice? What is the relation of the Mass to the Sacrifice of the Cross and of the Last Supper? If Christ redeemed all mankind through the Sacrifice of the Cross, why did He institute a Sacrifice that is to be offered to the end of time? Why must one be present at the Offertory, Consecration, and Communion in order to fulfil one's obligation of hearing Mass? For what intrinsic reason must one hear Mass at all? Why is there a double Consecration in Mass? etc., etc. The value of this book then is plain. It will promote an intelligent piety in its readers, and that surely is the kind of piety we all want to possess. The translation from the German has been admirably carried through by the Rev. Leo Miller, D.D. This is the kind of book which a conscientious reviewer is glad to commend with all his heart.

Cardinal Capececiatro's well-known **Life of St. Philip Neri**, translated by the late Father T. A. Pope, has been reissued with an excellent index, an addition for which its many readers will be grateful. (B.O. and W.: 15s. net).

In **Scripture Readings for Times of Retreat** (Herder: 6s.), Father George O'Neill, S.J., gives a selection of Scripture passages arranged for retreats of thirty or fewer days, translated from the Vulgate and

original texts. This, so it may seem, is slight matter for an entire volume: but what Father O'Neill has actually done has been to clothe in the most delightful and poetical English some of the finest passages in the Old and New Testaments. His rendering of Ecclesiasticus xlii. and xliii. is a superb piece of English prose writing.

France's unceasing spiritual warfare in the field of the foreign missions is the theme of *L'Apostolat Missionnaire de la France* (Téqui: 7 fr.), which summarizes the conferences given in 1924-25 at the "Institut Catholique de Paris." The volume, which is issued under the auspices of the "Union missionnaire du clergé" is invaluable for every student of the work of the foreign missions.

L'Art de Vieillir (Lethielleux: 9 fr.) by the Abbé J. Brugerette, is primarily a treatise on the Christian psychology of old age. Secondly, it is a most enchanting example of the art of discursive literature—a discursiveness that ranges from Augustine to Anatole France; from Bossuet to Princess Bibesco, though the princess best known to us by that name is hardly entitled to speak at first hand of *l'art de vieillir*. But the comeliness and the beautifulness of old age have been seen by Abbé Brugerette himself, and set down with the most delightful of pens.

The "Académie Française" set the seal of its official approval on *De la Volonté*, by Marguerite Duportal (Lethielleux: 7.50 fr.), by crowning the book. And this treatise on the will is designed to infuse courage into the faint-hearted; to prove, as the author says, that no person is devoid of will-power, and that each of us is, more or less, a potential Napoleon. It is a healthy antidote to the pernicious nonsense of the school of sentimentalists who prate continuously that we are the victims of environment. Mme Duportal will have none of that doctrine, which she rejects with considerable vigour.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

A critical edition of *Lettres Spirituelles du Père Jean-Joseph Surin, S.J.*, (20 fr.), edited by Louis Michel and Ferdinand Cavallera, is the inaugural volume in a series of important publications on ascetical theology to be issued periodically by the "Bibliothèque de la Revue d'Ascétique et de Mystique" of Toulouse. The first volume of Father Surin's Spiritual Letters covers the period 1630-1639. The Letters are arranged in chronological order, and of the 126 contained in the volume, 93 have never been printed before and the rest have been revised with the original manuscripts. The letters of this saintly Jesuit, who died at Bordeaux in 1665 at the age of 65 years, are of special interest on account of the light they throw on the conditions of the spiritual life in France in the 17th century and of the more important controversies of the day. The edition gives copious biographical notes on Père Surin for the period 1600-39, and, what is very important, there is given in an appendix the correspondence of Père Vitelleschi, General of the Society of Jesus, on the subject of Père Surin and his doctrines.

Equally interesting and important, from the point of view of religious life in England of the early 19th century, particularly where it touches on the Oxford Movement and Newman, is the *Life and Letters of the Venerable Father Dominic (Barberi), C.P., Founder of the Passionists in Belgium and England* (Burns, Oates and Washbourne: 7s. 6d.), edited

by Father Urban Young, C.P. Cardinal Bourne contributes a Foreword to this biography of the great Passionist to whom, as the Cardinal Archbishop says, the conversion of England was a matter of unceasing aspiration and hope. The English correspondence begins with July 16, 1832, with a letter written from Lucca by Father Dominic to Ambrose Phillips. It was not, however, until November 5, 1840, that Father Dominic actually set foot in England. The correspondence and incidents that ended in the first Passionist foundation in England; the visit to Littlemore and the reception of Newman; the great work that Father Dominic launched for the conversion of England, are renewed in this correspondence and biography. And not the least important of the documents reproduced is the remarkable letter which, on May 5, 1841, Father Dominic addressed from Belgium to the professors of the University of Oxford.

Soyez Amis: Saint Francois d'Assise et l'Amitié Chrétienne (Lethiellux: 9 fr.), which the Abbé Ph. Mazoyer has translated from the Italian of Father Vittorino Facchinetti, O.F.M., is a biographical study of St. Francis of Assisi, specially welcome in this year of the seventh centenary of the Seraphic Patriarch. Mr. Joannes Jørgensen, the Franciscan scholar, contributes a *Lettre-Préface* written from Assisi. The thesis of Father Facchinetti begins with a consideration of amity in Christian thought, and develops the theme more particularly in a study of St. Francis as the model of Christian brotherliness.

HISTORICAL.

The history of the Reformation in England has, as everybody knows, still to be written, and written it cannot be until the diocesan registers deliver up their secrets. That is why all books dealing with the parish churches and the ancient cathedrals of the country have a peculiar interest for us as Catholics. They are apt, if conscientiously written, to let all kinds of useful cats out of history's bags. **The Cathedral Church of Hereford: Its History and Constitution**, by Arthur Thomas Bannister, M.A. (S.P.C.K.: 7s. 6d. net), is a case in point. It is conscientiously written, and it puts a new nail in the coffin of the famous theory that the people of England welcomed the Reformation with open arms. Let any good Protestant who believes such a story read Mr. Bannister's ninth chapter, "The Reformation and the Elizabethan Statutes," and it will open his eyes. When the apostate Dominican Friar, Scory, was forced on the canons of Hereford as their new Bishop in 1559, they soon showed him that they had no use whatever for his Protestantism. "Dissemblers and rank papists," he called them, and added that they would "neither preach, read homilies nor minister the Holy Communion nor do any other thing to commend, beautify or set forward this religion, but mutter against it, receive and maintain its enemies." Again he says, "Of the whole Council of Hereford there is not one that is counted favourable to this religion." After being "in Purgatory at Hereford" for some time this unpleasant nominee of the Crown besought Cecil and the Privy Council to "have pitie on his graie head" and find him preferment elsewhere. This is but one out of a multitude of interesting things to be found in Mr. Bannister's

admirably impartial and accurate book. He knows what he is talking about as he is Precentor and Canon Residentiary of the Cathedral.

Les Papes du XI. siècle et la Chrétienté (Libraire Victor Lecoffre: 20 fr.) by Professor Jules Gay of the University of Lille, traces the story of the Catholic Church in Europe from the time of the establishment of the Germanic hegemony and the Pontificate of Gregory V. down to the time of Pope Urban II. and the events of 1100. In an introductory chapter, Professor Gay deals with the evolution of Latin Christendom of the Carolingian epoch up to the restoration of the Empire (752 - 962). Finishing this period with the state of anarchy that was convulsing the West, following on the deposition of the direct heir of Charlemagne, Professor Gay begins his history proper with the state of Europe during the latter part of the tenth century, sketching deftly the conditions of northern Europe that preceded and saw the establishment of the great monastic reform of Cluny, concluding his history with the newer and later epoch in which the monastic orders did so much for the stabilization of Europe.

ASCETICAL.

The excellence of the sacred priesthood, its dangers, its difficulties, and the dispositions requisite for success in the priestly vocation, are the chief groupings of the series of conferences in **Considerations on the Sacred Priesthood for Young Priests and Seminarians** (Herder: 5s.), which Father F. J. Remler, C.M., has adapted from the original of the Rev. B. S. Piot. The priesthood is considered from the point of view of those called to exercise the sacred ministry in a land of busy affairs, like the United States, and this, no doubt, accounts for the very practical nature of the advice that is tendered to young priests.

Saint-Paul et le Maniement des Ames (Lethielleux: 5 fr.) is a series of sixteen conferences by the Abbé P. Dusauchoy, for ecclesiastical students, members of Catholic study circles, and, one gathers, for aspirants for the priesthood. Men have changed very little in two thousand years, says the Abbé Dusauchoy, and the warnings which St. Paul gave to the young men of his day against the dangers that beset their souls are, the writer finds, quite as applicable to the young men of to-day.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The only fault to find with **More Old Rhymes with New Tunes** (Longmans: 3s. 6d.), of which the new tunes are composed by Sir Richard R. Terry and the pleasing illustrations furnished by Mr. Gabriel Pippet, is that this charming book is bound in a cardboard cover that curls up. Here are Little Polly Flinders, Old Mother Hubbard, Margery Daw and the Three Men in a Tub portrayed by Mr. Pippet at his best. The new tunes by Sir Richard Terry are easy and have a catching jingle about them, and happy indeed should that nursery schoolroom be into which this fascinating book is introduced.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

- ART CATHOLIQUE, Paris.**
Le Livre de la Bienheureuse Angèle de Foligno. Edité par P. Doncoeur, S.J., et Mgr. Faloci Pulignani. Pp. xlii. 232. Price, 30 fr.
- BLOT, Paris.**
Summa Theologica S. Thomæ Aquinatis. (Thin paper, 16mo. edn. in 6 vols.). Vol. I., pp. xxx. 1408.
- BEYAERT, Bruges.**
Liturgica Institutiones. Vol. I., "De Sacra Liturgia Universim." Auct. C. Callewaert. 2nd Edn. Pp. viii. 118. Price, 12 fr.
- BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, London.**
The Spiritual Works of Abbot Blosius. Vols. III. and IV. Price, 3s. 6d. per volume. *Life of St. Philip Neri.* By Card. Capececiatro. Translated by T. A. Pope. New edn. Pp. xiv. 608. Price, 15s. *The Names of Christ.* By Fray Luis de Leon. Eng. trans. Ed. B. Zimmerman, O.C.D. Pp. xiv. 190. Price, 6s. *The Divine Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom.* Greek text in translation. Ed. Dom P. De Meester, O.S.B. Pp. xvi. 136. Price, 12s. *The Open Door.* By S. Burrows. Pp. xx. 506. Price, 3s. 6d. *On the Ways of God.* Translated from the "De Moribus divinis" of St. Thomas Aquinas. By B. Delany, O.P. Pp. viii. 32. Price, 1s. *The Boys' Guild Prayer Book.* Pp. 66. Price, 6d.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.**
Many Twopenny Pamphlets.
- CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA.**
Patristic Studies, Vol. X.; The Vocabulary of the Moral-Ascetical Works of St. Ambrose. By Sister Mary Finbarr Barry. Pp. xiv. 288. Price, \$2.
- DENT AND SON, London.**
St. Anthony of Padua according to his Contemporaries. By E. Gilliat-Smith. Pp. viii. 224. Price, 6s. net.
- GILL AND SON, Dublin.**
A Little Manual of Liturgy. By the Most Rev. Patrick Morrisroe. Pp. 96.
- HEFFER, Cambridge.**
The Incarnation, Papers from the Catholic Summer School, 1925. Edited by C. Lattey, S.J. Pp. xviii. 262. Price, 7s. 6d.
- KEGAN PAUL, London.**
Plato's American Republic. Done out of the original by Douglas Woodruff. Pp. 122. Price, 2s. 6d.
- LETOUZEY, Paris.**
Dictionnaire de la Bible. Supplément Ed. L. Pirot. Fascicules I. and II. Cols. 512. Price, 16 fr.
- LONGMANS, London.**
Social Discipline in the Christian Community. Edited by Rev. Malcolm Spencer. Pp. viii. 118. Price, paper, 2s. 6d.; cloth, 4s. net.
- NO PUBLISHER, Paris, 5 Rue Bayard.**
Méditations sur la Perfection religieuse. By Emmanuel d'Alzon. Pp. xvi. 550.
Ordre des Offices de la Semaine Sainte à Jérusalem du IV. au X. siècle. By P. Thibaut. Pp. 128.
- THE LITURGICAL PRESS, Collegeville.**
Liturgy the Life of the Church. By Dom L. Beauduin. Eng. Trans. Pp. viii. 94. Price, 15 cents. *Offeramus.* By C. Goeb, O.S.B. Pp. 82. Price, 15 cents.
- S.P.C.K., London.**
An Introduction to Ethiopic Christian Literature. By J. M. Harden, D.D. Pp. viii. 112. Price, 5s.
- SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., London.**
The Jews in the Canary Islands, a Calendar of Inquisition Records. Translated and edited by Lucien Wolf for the Jewish Historical Society of England. Pp. xlv. 274, with map. Price, 21s.

